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Covent Garden prompt books

v.3

LOVE for *LOVE*:

A

COMEDY.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certa ratione modoque. Hor.

Printed in the YEAR, 1710.

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K1453

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of

Dorset and *Middlesex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

A Young Poet, is liable to the same Vanity and Indiscretion with a Young Lover; and the Great Man who smiles upon one, and the Fine Woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of

of 'em in Danger of having the Favour publiſh'd with the firſt Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little diſtinguiſh the Offenders. For tho' one ſhou'd have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an Ambition to advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cauſe and Excuſe of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is alſo the Father of his Country; and as no body can diſpute Your Lordſhip's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; ſo all that are concern'd, ought to acknowldge Your Univerſal Patronage: And it is only preſuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Addreſs of Thanks, to Your Lordſhip; which at the ſame Time, Includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not Ignorant of the Common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to diſtinguiſh their Patrons, by the ſhining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my

my Lord, is not my Buſineſs at this time, nor is Your Lordſhip *now* to be diſtinguiſh'd. I am contented with the Honour I do my ſelf in this Epiſtle; without the Vanity of attempting to add to, or explain Your Lordſhip's Character.

I confeſs it is not without ſome ſtrugling, that I behave my ſelf in this Caſe, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleaſed with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuſe rather to follow *Pliny*'s Precept, than his Example, when in his Panegyrick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he ſays,

Nec minus conſiderabo quid aures ejus pati poſſint, Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excus'd the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is ſo juſtly apply'd. Here are ſome Lines in the Print, (and which your Lordſhip read before this Play was Acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the Third Act, which not only helps the Deſign forward with leſs Precipitation, but alſo heightens the ridicu-

lous Character of *Foreſight*, which indeed ſeems to be maim'd without it. But I found my ſelf in great Danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithſtanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wiſh it yet ſhorter: But the Number of Different Characters repreſented in it, would have been too much crowded in leſs room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault, for which ſcarce any one Beauty will attone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lordſhip any longer with the Trifles of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt

Obedient and Moſt

Humble Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe,

By Mr. *Betterton.*

THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what ſhould feed the Tree, devours the Root:
Th' unladen Boughs, he ſees, bode certain Dearth,
Unleſs tranſplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labours loſt upon ungrateful Ground,
This laſt and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you ſo kindly aid,
Well plant a Soil which you ſo rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's firſt Age,
So from your Bounty, we receive this Stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've reſtor'd,
And to our World, ſuch Plenty you afford,
It ſeems like Eden, *fruitful of its own accord.*

PROLOGUE.

But since in Paradise *frail Flesh gave way,*
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling Adam, *and one tempted* Eve.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our Endeavours can, and bring, this Day,
The First-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play.
We hope there's something that may please each Taste,
And tho' of Homely Fare we make the Feast,
Yet you will find Variety at least.
There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
And for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
We've something too, to gratifie ill Nature,
(If there be any here) and that is Satire.
Tho' Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild
Or only shews its Teeth, as if it smil'd.
As Asses Thistles, Poets mumble Wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
And are afraid to use their own Edge-Tools.
Since the Plain-Dealer's *Scenes of Manly Rage,*
Not one has dar'd to lash this Crying Age.

This

PROLOGUE.

This time, the Poet owns the bold Essay,
Yet hopes there's no Ill-manners in his Play:
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his Mind.
And shou'd th' ensuing Scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one Excuse, 'twas writ
Before your late Encouragement of Wit.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Opening of the New Houſe.
By Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

SURE Providence at firſt deſign'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Diſtreſs;
For ſtill in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that ſhields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which laſt befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, ſometimes they ſhow their Read-
And wanting ready Caſh to pay for Hearts, [*ing;*
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philoſophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm ſure 'tis ſome ſuch Latin *Name they give 'em,*
And we, who know no better, muſt believe 'em.
Now to theſe Men (ſay they) ſuch Souls were giv'n,
That after Death, ne'er went to Hell, nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beaſts; and then
When many Years were paſt, in Men again.
Methinks, we Players *reſemble ſuch a Soul,*
That, does from Bodies, we from Houſes ſtrole.

Thus

EPILOGUE.

Thus Ariſtotle's *Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Aſs;
Or in this very Houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome Beau:
And thus, our Audience, which did once reſort
To ſhining Theatres to ſee our Sport,
Now find us toſs'd into a Tennis-Court.
Theſe Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noiſe
Of Roaring Gameſters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they emcompaſt,
And now they're fill'd with Jeſts, and Flights,
and Bombaſt!
I vow, I dont much like this Tranſmigration,
Stroling from Place to Place, by Circulation,
Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our firſt Station.
I know not what theſe think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we ſhou'd end in our Original, a Cart.
But we can't fear, ſince you're ſo good to ſave us,
That you have only ſet us up, to leave us.
Thus from the paſt, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it ——
And ſome here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray conninue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Sampſon Legend*, Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Valentine, Fallen under his Father's Diſpleaſure by his expenſive way of living, in Love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Scandal, His Friend, a free Speaker.	Mr. *Smith*.
Tattle, A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himſelf for Secreſie.	Mr. *Boman*.
Ben, Sir *Sampſon*'s younger Son, half home bred, and half Sea bred, deſign'd to marry Miſs *Prue*.	Mr. *Dogget*.
Foreſight, An illiterate old Fellow, peeviſh and poſitive, ſuperſtitious, and pretending to underſtand Aſtrology, Palmiſtry, Phiſiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to *Angelica*.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Jeremy, Servant to *Valentine*.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Trapland, A Scrivener.	Mr. *Triffuſis*.
Buckram, A Lawyer.	Mr. *Freeman*.

WOMEN.

Angelica, Niece to *Foreſight*, of a conſiderable Fortune in her own Hands.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Mrs. *Foreſight*, Second Wife to *Foreſight*.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Mrs. *Frail*, Siſter to Mrs. *Foreſight*, a Woman of the Town.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Miſs *Prue*, Daughter to *Foreſight* by a former Wife, a ſilly awkard Country Girl.	Mrs. *Ayliff*.
Nurſe to Miſs.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Jenny.	Mrs. *Lawſon*.

A Steward, Officers, Sailers, and ſeveral Servants.

The SCENE *in* LONDON.

LOVE

1819

Blanchard ___

C. Kemble ___

Barrymore ___

Jones ___

Emery ___

Fawcett ___

Farley ___

H. Johnstone

Egerton

Gibbs

Booth

Dawenport

1

Valentine – Money
Jeremy

LOVE for *LOVE*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valentine *seated in his Chamber Reading.* Jeremy *waiting a little behind R.*

Several Books upon the Table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jere. Sir.

Val Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read —— *[Rises]*

Jere. You'll grow deviliſh fat upon this Paper Diet.

[*Aſide, and taking away the Books.*

Val. And d'ye here, go you to Breakfaſt —— There's a Page doubled down in *Epictetus*, that is a Feaſt for an Emperor.

Jere.

Jere. Was *Epictetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Inſtruction; feaſt your Mind, and mortifie your Fleſh; Read, and take your Nouriſhment in at your Eyes; ſhut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Underſtanding. So *Epictetus* adviſes.

Jere. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at *Cambridge*: Pray what was that *Epictetus*?

Val. A very rich Man,—Not worth a Groat.

Jere. Humph, and ſo he has made a very fine Feaſt, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere. Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine feeding: But if you pleaſe, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of theſe poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Mony? Will they ſhut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, becauſe he underſtands Confinement, and liv'd in a Tub, go to Priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your ſelf up here

here with three or four musty Books, in Commendation of Starving and Poverty?

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no Mony, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wisest and wittiest Men in all Ages; these Poets and Philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another Reason; because they abound in Sense, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit —— But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Prosperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your Prosperity; and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue *Angelica* with more Love than ever, and appear more notoriously her Admirer in this Restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops, that made Court to her; so shall my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps, make

make her compaſſionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this Lowneſs of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm ſure I am in a Condition to be even with them —— *Sits*

Jere. Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take ſome of their Trade out of their Hands.

Jere. Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; you don't mean to write!

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem! —— Sir, if you pleaſe to give me a ſmall Certificate of three Lines —— only to certifie thoſe whom it may concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the Space of ſev'n Years truly and faithfully ſerv'd *Valentine Legend*, Eſq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Miſdemeanour; but does voluntarily diſmiſs his Maſter from any future Authority over him—

Val. No, Sirrah, you ſhall live with me ſtill.

Jere. Sir, it's impoſſible—I may die with you, ſtarve with you, ~~or be damn~~'d ~~with your Wor~~ks: But to live, even three Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muſe, after my Deceaſe.

Val.

2.

Scandal

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I shall want your Help; ——I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the ends of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the knack of Rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a Song, sent by an unknown Hand, or a Chocolate-House Lampoon.

Jere. But Sir, is this the way to recover your Father's Favour? Why Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger Brother shou'd come from Sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if you turn Poet. —— Ah Pox confound that *Will*'s Coffee-House, it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* Lottery —— Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the House would have been an Alderman by this time with half the Trade, if he had set up in the City —— For my part, I never sit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horse Race. The Air upon *Banstead-Downs* is nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never see it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for Hire, but for the

I never think of the name,

the Jests sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon Tick, to visit some great Fortune; and his Fare to be paid him like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn Author, and bring the rest of his Brethren into the same Condition. And lastly, in the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verses in her Hand, which her Vanity had prefer'd to Settlementts, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muses; or as if she were carrying her Linnen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Sense; or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

SCENE

Ready to knock R. H

~~SCENE II.~~

DR Enter

~~VALENTINE,~~ SCANDAL, ~~JEREMY.~~

Scan. WHAT, *Jeremy* holding forth? XM.

Val. The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muſter up) been declaiming againſt Wit.

Scan. Ay? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where-ever it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

Jere. Why ſo I have been telling my Maſter, Sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for Heav'ns ſake, Sir, try if you can diſſwade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! He ſhall turn Soldier firſt, and rather depend upon the Out-ſide of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Muſt you needs ſhew your Wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himſelf? [*Retires R.*]

Scan. *Jeremy* ſpeaks like an Oracle. Don't you ſee how worthleſs great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of ſmall Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Eſtates;

ſtates; and ſeems Commiſſion'd by Heaven to ſeize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd. [*Riſes.*]

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Senſe in a Country where the Religion is Folly? You may ſtand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is againſt you, you ſhan't have fair play for your Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherouſly ſhot by the Huntſmen.—No, turn ~~Rimp~~, Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, ~~Parſon, be Chaplain to an Atheiſt, or Stallion to an old Woman~~, any thing but Poet; a Modern Poet is worſe, more ſervile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: Without you could retrive the Ancient Honours of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the Force of open honeſt Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate againſt our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage.——Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade.—— [*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, ſee who's there. [Jer. ~~goes to the Door~~.] But tell me what you would have me do?——What do the World ſay of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

Exit DR

Scan.

3

Fraplandl

Wine & 3 Glasses ready L.H

Scan. The World behaves it ſelf, as it uſes to do on ſuch Occaſions; ſome pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuſe him, and blame you; only the Ladies are merciful, and wiſh you well: ſince Love and Pleaſurable Expence, have been your greateſt Faults.

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir; I have diſpatch'd ſome half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge does Cauſes at Dinner-time.

Val. What Anſwer have you giv'n 'em?

Scan. Patience, I ſuppoſe, the old Receipt.

Jere. No, faith Sir; I have put 'em off ſo long with Patience and Forbearance, and other fair Words; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *Engliſh* ——

Val. What?

Jere. That they ſhould be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To Morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

Jere. Keep it? Not at all; it has been ſo very much ſtretch'd, that I reckon it will break of courſe by to Morrow, and no body be ſurpriz'd at the Matter ——

 [*Knocking.*]

[*Knocking.*] — Again? Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these your self.

Val. See who they are.

Exit Jeremy DR

SCENE III.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Val. (sits)

BY this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army lead just such a Life as I do; have just such Crowds of Visitants in a Morning, all soliciting of past Promises; which are but a civiller sort of Duns, that lay claim to voluntary Debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evasions, than you would be to invent the honest Means of keeping your Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue, will one Day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

SCENE

SCENE IV. Enter

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two suspicious Fellows like lawful Pads, that would knock a Man down with Pocket-Tipstaves, — And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurse with one of your Children from *Twitnam*. *Plague*

Val. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to fling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Mony.*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtless two handed Whore, she knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if she had had any forecast in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godson?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My Blessing to the Boy, with this Token. [*Gives Mony.*] of my Love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more Flocks in her Bed, shift twice a Week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously. — I shall take the Air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't ſpoil my Boy's Milk: —— Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I ſhall be at reſt for one Day. *Exit Jeremy*

SCENE V.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old Friend! Welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack, and a Toaſt—fly—a Chair firſt. *Exit Jeremy*

Trap. A good Morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't ſpoil it.

Val. Come ſit you down, you know his way. [*They all ſit.*]

Trap. ſits.] There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500 *l.* of pretty long ſtanding ——

Val. I cannot talk about Buſineſs with a thirſty Palate. —— Sirrah, the Sack. *Enter Jeremy with wine & Glaſſes*

Trap. And I deſire to know what Courſe you have taken for the Payment?

Val. Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to ſee you, —— my Service to you, —fill, fill, to honeſt Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap.

Valentine puts chairs and stands £

£

Officer
Steward — papers tied with red tape

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart. ——This is not to our Buſineſs: ——my Service to you Mr. *Scandal*—[*Drinks*]—I have forborn as long—

Val. T'other Glaſs, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth.—I have forborn, I ſay—

Val. ~~Sirrah, fill when I bid you.——~~ And how does your handſome Daughter? ——Come, a good Husband to her.

[*Drinks.*

Trap. Thank you——I have been out of this Mony——

Val. Drink firſt. *Scandal*, why do you not drink? [*They drink.*

Trap. And in ſhort, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me Signal Service in my Neceſſity. But you delight in doing good. —*Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend *Trapland*'s Health. An honeſter Man lives not, nor one more ready to ſerve his Friend in Diſtreſs: Tho' I ſay it to his Face. Come, fill each Man his Glaſs.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been ~~a Whoremaſter~~ *a rake*, and loves a Wench ſtill. You never knew a ~~Whoremaſter~~ *lady* that was not an honeſt Fellow.

Trap. Fie, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew ——

Scan. What don't I know? —— I know the Buxom black Widow in the *Poultry* —— 800 *l.* a Year Jointure, and 20000 *l.* in Mony. Ahah! Old *Trap.*

Val. Say you so, i'faith: Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know whereabouts you are; Come, to the Widow——

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the Widow's Health; ~~give it him~~ —off with it: [*They drink.* A lovely Girl, I'faith, black ſparkling Eyes, ſoft pouting Ruby-Lips? better ſealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

~~*Trap.* No, no, there's no ſuch thing, we'd better mind our Buſineſs —You're a Wag.~~

Val. No faith, we'll mind the Widow's Buſineſs, fill again —— Pretty round heaving Breaſts, —a *Barbary* Shape, and a Jut with her Bum, would ſtir an *Anchoret*: And the prettieſt Foot! Oh if a Man could but faſten his Eyes to her Feet, as they ſteal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*!

Trap. Verily, give me ~~a~~ another Glaſs, —you're a Wag, —— and here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*

Scan.

à Valentine and Scandalwise

Scan. He begins to Chuckle; —— ply him close, or he'll relapse into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

OFFICER. BY your Leave, Gentlemen, —— Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our Office, tell us. — We have half a dozen Gentlemen to Arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houses, and then our Labour's lost.

Trap. Udso that's true, Mr. *Valentine* I love Mirth, but Business must be done, are you ready to ——

Jere. Sir, your Father's Steward says he comes to make Proposals concerning your Debts.

Val. Mr. *Trapland*, send away your Officer, you shall have an Answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap*, stay within Call.

~~SCENE VII.~~

~~VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND,~~
D.R Enter JEREMY, STEWARD *who goes & whispers* VALENTINE. *& Jeremy, who remains R.*

Scan. HERE's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine, Sirrah refund the Sack: *Jeremy* fetch him some warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the shortest way to his Conscience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your Mony again, when a Gentleman has spent it? *[Retires.]*

Val. You need say no more, I understand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Necessity is very pressing: I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing. Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he shall satisfie you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my Necessity—

Val. No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my Business requires—

~~SCENE~~
D.R *Exeunt Steward Trapland & Jeremy*

X. Steward X R

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Jeremy
Tattle

SCENE VIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. HE begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan I am surpriz'd; what does your Father relent?

Val. No; He has sent me the hardest Conditions in the World: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was sent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me Word; If I will make a Deed of Conveyance of my Right to his Estate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand Pound to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the present Impatience of my Creditors for their Mony, and my own Impatience of Confinement, and Absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate Demonstration of your Love to *Angelica*: And I think she has never given you any Assurance of hers.

Val

Val. You know her Temper; she never gave me any great Reason either for Hope or Despair.

Scan. Women of her airy Temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any Light to guess at what they mean: But you have little Reason to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Indifference for you in your Prosperity, will fall in Love with your ill Fortune; besides, *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

~~SCENE IX.~~

DR *Enter* ~~[To them]~~ JEREMY.

Jere. MORE Misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What, another Dun?

Jere. No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it,—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. x IN

DR *Exit Jeremy.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. Plague on him, I'll be gone. *[Going]*

Val. No, prithee ſtay: *Tattle* and you ſhould never be aſunder; you are Light and Shadow, and ſhew one another; he is perfectly thy Reverſe both in Humour and Underſtanding; and as you ſet up for Defamation, he is a mender of Reputations.

Scan. A mender of Reputations! ay, juſt as he is a keeper of Secrets, another Virtue that he ſets up for in the ſame manner. For the Rogue will ſpeak aloud in the Poſture of a Whiſper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Perſon: He will forſwear receiving a Letter from her, and at the ſame time, ſhew you her Hand in the Superſcription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the Hand too, and ſworn to a Truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuſes the Reputation of a Lady's Favour, as a Doctor ſays, No, to a Biſhoprick, only that it may be granted him. In ſhort, he is a publick Profeſſor of Secreſie, and makes Proclamation

mation that he holds private Intelligence. —— He's here.

~~SCENE X.~~

D.R. Enter [~~To them~~] TATTLE.

Tatt. *Valentine* good Morrow, *Scandal* I am Yours, —— That is, when you ſpeak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any Body's elſe, that will never happen.

Tatt. How Inhuman!

Val. Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he ſays: For to converſe with *Scandal*, is to play at *Loſing Loadum*; you muſt loſe a good Name to him, before you can win it for your ſelf.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World ſhall think the better of any Perſon for his Calumniation! —— I thank Heav'n, it has always been a part of my Character, to handle the Reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, ſuch rotten Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handl'd tenderly indeed.

Tatt.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the Persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know 'em? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body that ~~did~~ *was* not ~~stink~~ *common* to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that Nature of me. As I hope to be sav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, since I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that——Nay more (I'm going to say a bold Word now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any Body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her Husband, *Tattle.*

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that Noble Commoner, Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in three or four Places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what——But, upon my Reputation, she did me wrong——

Well,

Well, well, that was Malice —— But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know —A Man too. Only to bring me into Disgrace with a certain Woman of Quality ——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that —Yes, yes, every body knows —— No doubt on't, every body knows my Secrets —— But I soon satisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her —— Madam, says I, there are some Persons who make it their Business to tell Stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World; and, says I, if your Grace ——

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky Tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more Impudence than one can in Reason expect: I shall have an Esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her Grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a Word, as I hope to be sav'd; an errant *Lapsus Linguæ* —Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit your self?

Tatt.

6

Jeremy
Mrs Frail

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you —a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, faith ——I know not what —— Come, let's talk of something else. [*Hums a Song.*

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a Mind we should enquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I Supp'd last Night with your Mistress, and her Uncle Old *Foresight*: I think your Father lies at *Foresight*'s.

Val. Yes.

Tatt Upon my Soul *Angelica*'s a fine Woman —And so is Mrs. *Foresight*, and her Sister Mrs. *Frail.*

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

Tatt. Who I? Upon Honour I don't know whether she be Man or Woman; ~~but by the Smoothness of her Chin, and Roundness of her Hips.~~

Scan. No!

Tatt. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Scan.

Scan. Yes Faith. Ask *Valentine* elſe.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be ſav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secreſie, that ſhe may have the Pleaſure of telling her ſelf.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has ſhe done you Wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tatt. Tho' I have more Honour than to tell firſt; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am ſtrangely ſurpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if ſhe taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, ſhe ſees *Valentine* every Morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the Favour—I mean of a Viſit ſometimes.
I did not think ſhe had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I faith—But *Tattle* does not uſe to bely a Lady; it is contrary to his Character—How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine*?

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan. I'm reſolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you not tell me—

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine*?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an Answer, when you never ask'd me the Question?

Tatt. But, Gentlemen, this is the most inhuman Proceeding——

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whose Reputations are in your keeping.

~~SCENE XI.~~

D.R Enter [~~To them~~] JEREMY.

Jere. SIR, Mrs. *Frail* has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes.

D.R Exit Jeremy

~~SCENE XII.~~

~~VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TATTLE.~~

Tatt. I'll be gone. [*Going*]

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more Diſcretion, than to give *Scandal* ſuch an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be ſo ungenerous —— O, I ſhall loſe my Reputation of Secreſie for ever —— I ſhall never be receiv'd but upon Publick Days; and my Viſits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-Room: I ſhall never ſee a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Cloſet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be diſtinguiſh'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Truſty Mr. *Tattle* more —— You will not be ſo cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

Tatt. Any, any Terms.

Scan. Come then, ſacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me preſently —— Come, where are you familiar? —— And ſee that they are Women of Quality too, the firſt Quality —

Tatt. 'Tis very hard —— Won't a Baronet's Lady paſs?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

Scan.

Scan. No, their Titles ſhall ſerve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the ſame thing: Pray ſpare me their Titles; I'll deſcribe their Perſons

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are ſo ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Perſon by your Picture of her, you muſt be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the Bottom.

Tatt. Well, firſt then ——

R. Mr. Frail [Without] Very well, very well. Bid them wait.

SCENE XIII.

[To them] Mrs. FRAIL.

Tatt. O Unfortunate! ſhe's come already; will you have Patience 'till another time —— I'll double the Number.

Scan. Well, on that Condition — Take heed you don't fail me. *Exit Mr. Frail.*

Mrs. *Frail.* I ſhall get a fine Reputation, by coming to ſee Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is ſafe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum —— O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

Val. Well Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica?*

Mrs. *Frail. Angelica*? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an abſent Lover——

Mrs. *Frail.* No, I'll allow a Lover preſent with his Miſtreſs to be particular—— But otherwiſe I think his Paſſion ought to give place to his Manners.

Val. But what if he has more Paſſion than Manners?

Mrs. *Frail.* Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualifie the Fury of his Paſſion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Mrs. *Frail.* You are the moſt miſtaken in the World; there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is, the higheſt good Breeding, for it begets his Civility to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I ſuppoſe you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Foreſight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country——I aſſure you, there's a Match talk'd of by the old People——Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beaſt, as ſhe is a Land-Monſter, we ſhall have a moſt amphibious Breed

Breed —— The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been breed at Sea, and she has never been out of the Country.

Val. ~~Pox~~ Plague take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. *Frail.* Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Foresight* has cast both their Nativities, and Prognosticates an Admiral and an eminent Justice of the Peace to be ~~the~~ Issue-Male ~~of their two Bodies~~ thin; 'tis the most superstitious old Fool! He would have perswaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and sent him to *Artimedorus* for Interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next Room —— and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. *Frail.* I thought you would give me something, that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good Name.

Mrs. *Frail.* That's more than he has for himself. And What will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*?

Tatt. I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, No I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these Mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, some Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paultry Copies; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only Original you will see there.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay, but I hear he has a Closet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh Madam, those are sacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and my self was ever blest with the Sight.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, but a Woman ——

Tatt. Nor Woman, 'till she consented to

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Jersey

to have her Picture there too—for then she's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you'd see Pictures.

Mrs. *Frail.* You?

Scan. Yes Faith, I can shew you your own Picture, and most of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at ~~Kneller's~~ *Lawrence's*.

Mrs. *Frail.* O lying Creature—*Valentine*, does not he lye?—I can't believe a Word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now; For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him Favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, ~~Descriptions~~, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white.—And yet there are some set out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can shew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonness, Inconstancy, Covetousness, Dissimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can shew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardise, Bragging, ~~Lechery, Impotence~~, and Uglines in another Piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profest Beau. I have ~~Paintings some top, some pleasant enough~~. *Hieroglyphicks too*

Mrs. *Frail.* Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and sweating for a Shape.

Mrs. *Frail.* So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney Coachman.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Devil! Well, but that Story is not true.

Scan. I have some Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head shou'd be.

Mrs. *Frail.* And no Head?

Scan. No Head.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and selling Praise for Praise, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, representing a School; where there are huge Proportion'd Criticks, with long Wiggs, Lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces, with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-Books about their Necks. I have many

~~many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.~~ *some morning*

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

~~SCENE XIV.~~

D.R. Enter ~~[*To them.*]~~ JEREMY.

Jere. SIR, here's the Steward again from your Father. *D.R. Exit Jeremy*

Val. I'll come to him ~~—~~ will you give me Leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. *Frail.* No, I'll be gone. *R* Come, who Squires me to the *Exchange*, I must ~~call~~ *meet* my Sister *Foresight* there?

Scan. I will: I have a Mind to your Sister. *to Mrs. F.*

Mrs. *Frail.* Civil!

Tatt. I will; because I have a tender for your Ladyship. *to Mrs. F.*

Mrs. *Frail.* That's somewhat the better Reason, ~~to my Opinion.~~

~~*Scan.* Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Sister.~~

Val.

D.R. Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Tattle

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at Liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiscretion be a Sign of Love, you are the most a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Estate, will help you to your Mistress —— In my Mind he is a Thoughtless Adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase Wealth, by selling Land;
Or win a Mistress, with a losing Hand.

Exeunt Scan. & Val.

End of the First Act.

ACT

1

Foresight
Thomas
Mrs. L

2.

Angelica

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's *House.*

Enter FORESIGHT *and* SERVANT.

FORESIGHT.

HEY day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Neice *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Serv. Sir?

Fore. I say you lie, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I wou'd have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my Affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE II.

R. Enter [*To them*] NURSE.

Fore. NUrſe, where's your young Miſtreſs?

Nurſe. Wee'ſt heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant ſhe's fond o'ſeeing the Town—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha'given her any Dinner——Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O ſtrange; I'll vow and ſwear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you ever ſee the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the Matter?

Nurſe. Pray Heav'n ſend your Worſhip good Luck, Marry and Amen with all my Heart, for you have put on one Stocking with the wrong ſide outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and ſo I have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth it may, very good Luck: Nay I have had ſome Omens: I got out of Bed backwards too this Morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that too; but then I ſtumbled coming down Stairs, and met a Weaſel;

Weasel; bad Omens those: Some bad, some good, our Lives are checquer'd: Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up our Time—— But in troth I am pleas'd at my Stocking; very well pleas'd at my Stocking—— Oh here's my Neice!—— Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampson Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leisure,—— 'tis now three a Clock, a very good Hour for Business, *Mercury* governs this Hour.

R. Angelica speaks without

R enter Angelica

SCENE III. *Exit Thomas R. behind*

ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, NURSE.

Ang. IS it not a good Hour for Pleasure too, Uncle? pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day— It is of evil Portent, and bodes Mischief to the Master of a Family—— I remember an old Prophesie written by *Messahalah* the *Arabian*, and thus translated by a Reverend *Buckinghamshire* Bard.

When Housewifes all the House forsake,
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
With-

Withouten Guile, then be it ſaid,
That Houſe doth ſtond upon its Head;
And when the Head is ſet in Grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.

Fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns —— Dear Neice, ſtay at home —— For by the Head of the Houſe is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

Ang. Well, but I ~~can neither make you a Cuckold~~ cannot prevent, Uncle, by going abroad; nor ſecure you from ~~being one,~~ by ſtaying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full Force.

Ang. But my Inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're Jealous of her when ſhe's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Aſcendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore.

goat having horns

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert ——and always ridiculing that Celeſtial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry—— If you are, I'll reap up all your falſe Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll ſwear you are a Nuſance to the Neighbourhood——What a Buſtle did you keep againſt the laſt inviſible Eclipſe, laying in Proviſion as 'twere for a Siege? What a world of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinderboxes did you purchaſe! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at leaſt making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Seaſon.

Fore. Why, you malapert Slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how you prophecy'd Popery was coming, only becauſe the Butler had miſ-laid ſome of the Apoſtle Spoons, and thought they were loſt. Away went Religion and Spoon-meat together——Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore. How Huſſy! was there ever ſuch a provoking Minx?

Nurſe. O merciful Father, how ſhe talks!

Ang.

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the Old Nurse there——

Nurse. Marry Heav'n defend——I at Midnight Practices——O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful Doings with my Master's Worship——Why, did you ever hear the like now——Sir, did ever I do any thing of your Midnight Concerns——but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and set the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, ~~and your Urinal by you~~, and now and then, rub the Soles of your Feet?——O Lord, I!——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, thro' the Key-hole of the Closet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg Grater, which she had forgot in the Caudle-Cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it——

Fore. I defie you, Hussy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you——You have your Fortune in your own Hands—but I'll find a way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang.

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Thomas
Sir Sampson — Papers

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then —— Look to't, Nurse; I can bring Witness that you have a great unnatural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian. [*Crying.*

Fore. I will have Patience, since it is the Will of the Stars I should be thus tormented —— This is the Effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppositions in the third House of my Nativity; there the Curse of Kindred was foretold —— But I will have my Doors lock'd up —— I'll punish you, not a Man shall enter my House.

Ang. Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt come home —— ~~You'll have a Letter for Alimony to Morrow Morning~~ —— But let me be gone first, and then let no Mankind come near the House, but converse with Spirits and the Celestial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. ~~But Cuckolds go to Heav'n.~~

Fore. But there's but one Virgin among the twelve Signs, Spitfire, but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but Astrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? How? Is that the Reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Neice—Come, you shall have my Coach and Horses,——Faith and troth you shall——Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society; she has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moist Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?——Well Gentlewoman, I'll——But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me——won't you speak? Odd I'll——

SCENE

SCENE IV.

R Enter ~~[To them]~~ SERVANT. *Thomas*

Serv. SIR *Sampſon* is coming down to wait upon you ~~X L behind~~ *Exit L.*

X L *Ang.* Good bu'y Uncle —— Call me a Chair —— I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, ſhe muſt not come home. *L. Exit Angelica*

Fore. I'm ſo perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I ſhall ſcarce recover my ſelf before the Hour be paſt: Go Nurſe, tell Sir *Sampſon* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurſe. Yes, Sir. *Exit Nurſe R*

Fore. Well—Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be ſaid—~~he's here already~~.

~~SCENE V.~~

R Enter
~~FORESIGHT, and~~ *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND *with a Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* NOR no more to be done, old Boy; that's plain—here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, Old *Ptolemee*; I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know

know who begat him; I will, old *Noſtrodamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveneſs and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd 'till Doomſday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum*; that as ſoon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be——hah! old *Merlin*! body o'me, I'm ſo glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odſo, let me ſee; Let me ſee the Paper—Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wiſh things were done, and the Conveyance made——When was this ſign'd, what Hour? Odſo, you ſhould have conſulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haſte——

Sir *Samp.* Haſte, ay, ay; haſte enough, my Son *Ben* will be in Town to Night——I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure——All ſhall be done to Night——No matter for the time; prithee, Brother *Foreſight*, leave Superſtition——Pox, *Plague*, o'th' time; there's no time but the time preſent, there's

there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun shine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we shall know one another's Faces without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for

Fore. How, how? Sir *Sampson*, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir *Samp.* I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant!—— I tell you, I have travell'd old *Circu*, and know the Globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun rises at Midnight, and sets at Noon-Day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Cœlestial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houses. Can judge of Motions Direct and Retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life shall be long or short, Happy or Unhappy, whether Diseases are Curable or Incurable. If Journeys shall be prosperous, Undertakings successful; or Goods stoll'n recover'd, I know——

Sir *Samp.* I know the length of the Emperor of *China*'s Foot; have kiss'd the

Great Mogul's Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*, — Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the Issue of these Loins.

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or speak Truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir *Samp.* I have known an Astrologer made a Cuckold in the twinkling of a Star; and seen a Conjurer, that could not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I must be better inform'd of this, — [*Aside.*] — Do you mean my Wife, Sir *Sampson*? Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun —

Sir *Samp.* By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd say, Brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Liar of the first Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance; send your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, e'er she shall Incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir *Samp.*

A

Jeremy
Valentine

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I have gone too far;—I muſt not provoke honeſt *Albumazar*, —an *Egyptian* Mummy is an Illuſtrious Creature, my truſty Hieroglyphick; and may have Significations of Futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy ſake. What, thou art not angry for a Jeſt, my good *Haly*—I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my Heart. —What, I'll make thee a Preſent of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body o'me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou ſhalt have it brought home to thy Houſe, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomathes*, and Students in Phyſick and Aſtrology in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, Sir *Sampſon?*

Sir *Samp.* Thy Wife is a Conſtellation of Virtues; ſhe's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, ſhe is more Illuſtrious than the Moon; for ſhe has her Chaſtity without her Inconſtancy, 'sbud I was but in jeſt.

~~SCENE VI.~~

L. Enter [~~To them~~] JEREMY.

Sir *Samp.* HOW now, who sent for you? Ha! What wou'd you have? [*Jeremy whispers Sir Sampson*]

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest—— Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Physiognomy.

Sir *Samp.* My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, Sir, Mr. *Valentine*, my Master,—'tis the first time he has been abroad since his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir *Samp.* Well, Sir.

~~SCENE VII.~~ *Enter* FORESIGHT, *Sir* SAMPSON, VALENTINE, ~~JEREMY~~.

Jere. HE is here, Sir. [*Jeremy retires*]

Val. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* You've had it already, Sir, I think I sent it you to Day in a Bill of Four thousand

thousand Pound: A great deal of Mony, Brother *Foresight*.

Fore. Ay indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of Mony for a young Man, I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir *Samp.* Body o' me, so do I.—— Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the Superfluity; Do'st hear Boy?

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will scarce pay my Debts,—I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard Conditions, which my Necessity sign'd to.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the extremity of the Conditions, but release me at least from some Part.——

Sir *Samp.* Oh Sir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask. —But what you, out of Fatherly Fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir *Samp.* No doubt of it, sweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my fatherly Fondness wou'd fit like two Tallies.—— Here's a Rogue, Brother *Foresight*, makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning,

Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conscience and Honesty; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a —— Why Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal —— Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it. ——

Sir *Samp* Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; ~~I shall live to see you go up *Holborn-Hill*~~ — Has he not a Rogue's Face? —— Speak, Brother, you understand Physiognomy, a hanging Look to me —— of all my Boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn*-Face, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

Fore. Hum — truly I don't care to discourage a young Man, —— he has a violent Death in his Face; but I hope no Danger of Hanging. × *R*

Val. Sir, is this Usage for your Son? — for that old Weather-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir ——

Sir *Samp.* You, Sir; and you, Sir: — Why, who are you, Sir?

Val. Your Son, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir *Samp.*

A placid mi salud

Sir *Samp.* What, wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me.——

Val. I would have an Excuſe for your Barbarity and unnatural Uſage.

Sir *Samp.* Excuſe! Impudence! Why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I pleaſe? Are not you my Slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have choſen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to ſtand here, upon thoſe two Legs, and look erect with that audacious Face, hah? Anſwer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, preſs you to the Service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I deſire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart: Come, uncaſe, ſtrip, and go naked out of the World, as you came into't.

Val. My Cloaths are ſoon put off:—— But you muſt alſo diveſt me of Reaſon, Thought, Paſſions, Inclinations, Affections,

ons, Appetites, Senses, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, what a many-headed Monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of my self, a plain easie simple Creature; and to be kept at small Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir *Samp.* 'Oons, what had I to do to ~~beget Children~~, —— can't a private Man be born without all these Followers? —— Why nothing under an Emperor should be born with Appetites, —— Why at this rate a Fellow that has but a Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Justice in *Middlesex*.

Sir *Samp.* Here's a Cormorant too, — 'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you? —— I did not beget him, did I? —

Jere. By the Provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too: —Nay, and to tell your Worship another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same Whoreson Appetites too, that my Master speaks of.

Sir *Samp.*

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Mrs Frail

Mrs Foresight — Barkin

Sir *Samp.* Why look you there now, ——I'll maintain it, that by the Rule of right Reaſon, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate. —'S'heart, what ſhou'd he do with a diſtinguiſhing Taſte?—I warrant now he'd rather eat a Pheaſant, than a Piece of poor *John*; and ſmell, now, why I warrant he can ſmell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink. —— Why there's it; and Muſick, don't you love Muſick, Scoundrel?

Jere. Yes, I have a reaſonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances; and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir *Samp.* The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a ~~Pox~~ *plague* confound you—*Solo's* or *Sonata's*? 'Oons whoſe Son are you? How were you engendred, Muckworm?

Jere. I am by my Father, the Son of a Chair-man; my Mother ſold Oiſters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

Fore. By your Looks, you ſhou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir *Samp.* And if this Rogue were Anatomiz'd now, and diſſected, he has his Veſſels of Digeſtion and Concoction, and ſo forth, large enough for the inſide of a Cardinal,

Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber. —— Theſe things are unaccountable and unreaſonable, — Body o'me, why was not I a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon ſucking their Paws; O Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other ſpins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to ſupply all the Neceſſities of my Nature; if I had my right of Inheritance.

Sir *Samp.* Again! 'Oons han't you four thouſand Pound —— if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a Groat, —— What, would'ſt thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals? — 'S'heart, live by your Wits, —— You were always fond of the Wits, — Now let's ſee, if you have Wit enough to keep your ſelf —— Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and ſo your Friend and Servant. —— Come Brother *Foreſight.*

Val. advances L. *Jeremy* retires.

R Ex.t Sir Samson & Foresight

SCENE

~~SCENE VIII.~~

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Jere. I Told you what your Visit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected —I did not come to see him: I came to *Angelica*; But since she was gone abroad, it was easily turn'd another way; and at least look'd well on my side: What's here? Mrs. *Foresight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earnest, —— I'll avoid 'em, —Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

A Exeunt Valentine and Jeremy

1. Enter ~~SCENE IX.~~ *2.* *1.*

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *Frail.* WHAT have you to do to watch me? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. *Fore.* You will?

Mrs. *Frail.* Yes marry will I—— A great Piece of Business to go to *Covent Garden* ~~*Square*~~ in a Hackney-Coach, and take a turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. *Fore.*

Mrs. *Fore.* Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, what if I took twenty——I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation,—Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happineſs of converſing where we like?

Mrs. *Fore.* But can't you converſe at home?——I own it, I think there's no Happineſs like converſing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Converſation was very innocent; but the Place is publick, and to be ſeen with a Man in a Hackney-Coach is ſcandalous: What if any Body elſe ſhou'd have ſeen you alite, as I did? ——How can any Body be happy, while they're in perpetual Fear of being ſeen and cenſur'd?—Beſides it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Siſter, but me.

Mrs. *Frail.* Pooh, here's a Clutter—Why ſhou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought your ſelf happy in a Hackney-Coach before now.—If I had gone to *Knight's-Bridge*, or to *Chelſey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone——ſomething might have been ſaid.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why, was I ever in any of thoſe Places? What do you mean, Siſter?

Mrs. *Frail.*

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Miss Pearl Smyth Bot. King
Tattle

Mrs. *Frail.* Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. *Fore.* You have been at a worſe Place.

Mrs. *Frail.* I at a worſe Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. *Fore.* I ſuppoſe you would not go alone to the *World's-End.*

Mrs. *Frail.* The *World's-End*! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. *Fore.* Poor Innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's-End*? I'll ſwear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. *Frail.* I'll ſwear you have a great deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. *Fore.* Very well, that will appear who has moſt, you never were at the *World's-End*?

Mrs. *Frail.* No.

Mrs. *Fore.* You deny it poſitively to my Face.

Mrs. *Frail.* Your Face, what's your Face?

Mrs. *Fore.* No matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. *Frail.* Not by a Dozen Years wearing.——But I do deny it poſitively to your Face then.

Mrs. *Fore.* I'll allow you now to find fault with my Face;——for I'll swear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance:——But look you here now,—where did you lose this Gold Bodkin?——Oh Sister, Sister!

Mrs. *Frail.* My Bodkin!

Mrs. *Fore.* Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin?——Oh Sister, Sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs. *Fore.* O Devil on't, that I cou'd not discover her, without betraying my self. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Frail.* I have heard Gentlemen say, Sister; that one shou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thrust in Fencing, not to lye open ones self.

Mrs. *Fore.* It's very true, Sister: Well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. *Frail.* With all my Heart, ~~tours are but slight flesh Wounds, and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well,~~ give me your Hand in Token of Sisterly Secresie and Affection.

Mrs. *Fore.* Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Frail* Well, as an Earnest of Friendship and Confidence: I'll acquaint you

you with a Design that I have: To tell Truth, ~~and speak openly one to another;~~ I'm afraid the World have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for, I am at a Loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a Son that is expected to Night; and by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjurer: The Estate you know is to be made over to him:——Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. *Fore*. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my Power—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkard Daughter-in-Law, who you know is design'd to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that, and make her have an Aversion for the Booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. [Here they come ~~together~~; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

Miss Prue and Tattle laugh without

SCENE X.

L. Enter [~~*To them*~~] TATTLE *and Miſs* PRUE.

Miſs. MOther, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs. *Fore.* Fie, fie, Miſs, how you bawl——Beſides, I have told you, you muſt not call me Mother.

Miſs. What muſt I call you then, are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. *Fore.* Madam; you muſt ſay Madam——~~By my Soul,~~ I ſhall fancy my ſelf old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother——Well, but Miſs, what are you ſo over-joy'd at?

Miſs. Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has giv'n me——Look you here Couſin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't;—here, will you have any——Oh good! how ſweet it is—Mr. *Tattle* is all over ſweet, ~~his Perruke is ſweet,~~ and his Gloves are ſweet,——and his Handkerchief is ſweet, pure ſweet, ſweeter than Roſes—Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean—He gave me this Ring for a Kiſs.

To Mr. Frail

Tatt. O fie Miſs, you muſt not kiſs and tell.

Miſs.

Miſs. Yes; I may tell my Mother—— And he ſays he'll give me ſomething to make me ſmell ſo —— Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief — Smell Couſin; he ſays, he'll give me ſomething that will make my Smocks ſmell this way —— Is not it pure? —— It's better then Lavender mun — I'm reſolv'd I won't let Nurſe put any more Lavender among my Smocks — ha, Couſin? *Re-[Miſs Prue retires in.]*

Mrs. *Frail.* Fie, Miſs; amongſt your Linnen, you muſt ſay — You muſt never ſay Smock.

Miſs. Why, it is not bawdy, is it Couſin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too ſevere upon Miſs; you muſt not find fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her ſtrangely —— pretty Miſs, don't let 'em perſwade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh, demn you Toad —— I wiſh you don't perſwade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam? —— Oh Lord how can your Ladyſhip have ſuch a Thought — ſure you don't know me?

Mrs. *Frail.* Ah Devil, ſly Devil —— He's as cloſe, Siſter, as a Confeſſor —— He thinks we don't obſerve him.

Mrs. *Fore.* A cunning Cur, how soon he cou'd find out a fresh harmless Creature; and left us, Sister, presently.

Tatt. Upon Reputation.——

Mrs. *Fore.* They're all so, Sister, these Men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being first in the Fashion, or of seeing a new Play the first Day——I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle*'s Heart, to think that any Body else shou'd be beforehand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I swear I wou'd not for the World——

Mrs. *Frail.* O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white, she looks so wholsome;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man—

Miss. How you love to jeer one, Cousin.

Mrs. *Fore.* Hark'ee, Sister,—by my Soul the Girl is spoil'd already—d'ee think she'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle.*

Mrs. *Frail.* O'my Soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy Creature, that smells all of

of Pitch and Tarr —— Devil take you you confounded Toad —— why did you see her, before she was married?

Mrs. *Fore.* Nay, why did we let him —— my Husband will hang us —— He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. *Frail.* Come, Faith let us be gone —— If my Brother *Foresight* shou'd find us with them; —— He'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. *Fore.* So he wou'd —— but then leaving 'em together, is as bad —— And he's such a sly Devil, he'll never miss an Opportunity.

Mrs. *Frail.* I don't care; I won't be seen in't. *Exit Mrs. Frail R*

Mrs. *Fore.* Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a World to answer for, remember I wash my Hands of it, I'm throughly Innocent. *Exit Mrs. Fores. R*

SCENE XI.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. WHAT makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear —— I think I can guess — But hang me if I know the Reason of it.

Miſs. Come, muſt not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miſs. No! What then? What ſhall you and I do together?

Tatt. I muſt make Love to you, pretty Miſs; will you let me make Love to you?

Miſs. Yes, if you pleaſe.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad, at leaſt. What a Pox does Mrs. *Foreſight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does ſhe leave us together out of good Morality, and do as ſhe would be done by—Gad I'll underſtand it ſo. [*Aſide.*

Miſs. Well; and how will you make Love to me—Come, I long to have you begin—muſt I make Love too? You muſt tell me how.

Tatt. You muſt let me ſpeak Miſs, you muſt not ſpeak firſt; I muſt ask you Queſtions, and you muſt anſwer.

Miſs. ~~What, is it like the Catechiſm?~~—Come then ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miſs. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, ~~Pox~~, *Plague,* you muſt not ſay yes already; I ſhan't care a Farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miſs. What muſt I ſay then?

Tatt. Why you muſt ſay no, or you believe not, or you can't tell—

Miſs.

Miſs. Why, muſt I tell a Lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well bred. All well-bred Perſons Lie—— Beſides, you are a Woman, you muſt never ſpeak what you think: Your Words muſt contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you muſt ſay no, but you muſt love me too—If I tell you you are handſome, you muſt deny it, and ſay I flatter you——But you muſt think your ſelf more charming than I ſpeak you:—And like me, for the Beauty which I ſay you have, as much as if I had it my ſelf—If I ask you to kiſs me, you muſt be angry, but you muſt not refuſe me. If I ask you for more, you muſt be more angry,—but more complying; and as ſoon as ever I make you ſay you'll cry out, you muſt be ſure to hold your Tongue.

Miſs. O Lord, I ſwear this is pure,—I like it better than our old faſhion'd Country way of ſpeaking one's Mind;—and muſt not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum——Yes—But you muſt believe I ſpeak Truth.

Miſs. O *Gemini*! Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lies——but ~~they~~ frighted me, and ſaid it was a Sin.

Tatt.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a Kiſs?

Miſs. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.—
[*Runs and kiſſes him.*

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you ſhould not have given it me, but have ſuffer'd me to have taken it.

Miſs. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my Heart——Now then my little Angel. [*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs. Piſh.

Tatt. That's right,——again my Charmer. [*Kiſſes again.*

Miſs. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*,—And won't you ſhew me, pretty Miſs, where your Bed-Chamber is?

Miſs. No, indeed won't I: but I'll run ~~there~~, and hide my ſelf ~~from you behind the Curtains~~.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miſs. Ah, but I'll ~~hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry, and you ſhall puſh me down before you come in~~.

Tatt. ~~No~~, But I'll come in ~~firſt, and puſh you down afterwards~~, *in ſpite of you*.

Miſs. ~~Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying~~

Tatt.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miſs. Oh but you ſhan't, for I'll hold my Tongue—

Tatt. Oh my dear ape Scholar.

Miſs. Well, now I'll run and make more haſte than you. *Exit R D*

Tatt. You ſhall not fly ſo faſt, as I'll purſue. *Exit R.D*

Enter Nurſe L. P. &c.

Act End's

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Nurse alone.

NURSE.

MISS, Miss, Miss *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and Amen. Why, what's become of the Child?—Why Miss, Miss *Foresight*—Sure she has lockt her self up in her Chamber, and gone to sleep, or to Prayers: Miss, Miss, I hear her—Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door—Open the Door, Miss—I hear you cry husht—O Lord, who's there? [*peeps*] What's here to do? —O the Father! a Man with her!— *Knocks.* Why, Miss I say; God's my Life, here's fine doings towards—O Lord, we're all undone—O you young Harlotry [*knocks.*] Od's my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back way.

Exit Nurse R.

SCENE

Tatt. For Heavn's sake, if you do guess, say nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first Song in the last new Play.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

I.

A *Nymph and a Swain to* Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was Chaste, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo *was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,*
But sagely at length he this Secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will Confide;
And the Nymph may be Chaste that has never been try'd.

Act 3d

Enter R Val. Scandal, Mr. Tattle, Miss Prue

SCENE [To them] Sir SAMPSON, Mrs. FRAIL, Miss Prue, and Servant. Sir.

Sir *Samp.* IS *Ben* come? Odso, my Son *Ben* come? Odd, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. *Frail*, you shall see my Son *Ben*—— Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family—I han't seen him these three Years—— I warrant he's grown—— Call him in, bid him make haste—— I'm ready to cry for Joy. Dont I look so?

Mrs. *Frail.* Now Miss you shall see your Husband.

Miss. Pish, he shall be none of my Husband. [*Aside to* Frail.

Mrs. *Frail.* Hush: Well he shan't, leave that to me—I'll speak to Mr. *Tattle* to us. [*Val. Ang. & Scan. advance L.*]

Ang. Won't you stay and see your Brother?

Val. We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot shine in one Sphere; when he rises I must set —— Besides, if I shou'd stay, I don't know but my Father in good Nature may press me to the immediate signing the Deed of Conveyance of my Estate;

Table & Chairs

1

Sir Sampson — Angelina
Valentine
Scandal
Tattle
Miss Prue
Mrs Frail
~~Nurse~~

X Tattle, Mrs Frail and Miss Prue retire R.

2.
John
Bun

ſtate; and I'll defer it as long as I can—— Well, you'll come to a Reſolution.

Ang. I can't. Reſolution muſt come to me, or I ſhall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've ſomething in my Head to communicate to you. *Ex^t Scandal and Valentine L.*

~~SCENE V.~~ 2.

~~ANGELICA, *Sir* SAMPSON, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, *Miſs* PRUE.~~

Sir *Samp.* WHAT, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he ſneak'd off, and would not ſee his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him. Odsbud, Madam, have no more to ſay to him; he is not worth your Conſideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Intereſt, all Intereſt; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Eſtate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Perſon.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampſon*; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any

any thing in him, it ſhou'd have been his Eſtate too: ~~But ſince that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.~~

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, well ſpoken; and you are a wiſer Woman than I thought you were: ~~For moſt young Women now a days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.~~.

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampſon*, I'm for a good Eſtate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Eſtate: Therefore if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir *Samp.* Faith and Troth you're a wiſe Woman, and I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was ſorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; caſt him off; you ſhall ſee the Rogue ſhew himſelf, and make Love to ſome deſponding *Cadua* of fourſcore for Suſtenance. Odd, I love to ſee a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to ſee 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thiſtle.

SCENE

To Hill

~~R Enter Jeremie~~ ~~SCENE VI.~~

~~[To them]~~ BEN. LEGEND, ~~and Servant.~~

~~Ben. WHERE's Father?~~ ~~Exit Serv. R~~

~~Serv. There, Sir, his Back's toward you.~~ [*Mr. Frail, Miss Prue & Tattle advance R.*]

Sir *Samp.* My Son *Ben*! Bleſs thee my dear Body; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, Father, and I'm glad to ſee you.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, and I'm glad to ſee thee, ~~kiſs~~ me Boy, kiſs me again and again, dear *Ben.* [*Kiſſes him.*

Ben. So, ſo, enough Father——Meſs, I'd rather kiſs theſe Gentlewomen.

Sir *Samp.* And ſo thou ſhalt—Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben.*

Ben. Forſooth if you pleaſe——[*Saluteth her.*] Nay Miſtreſs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship I faith—[*Kiſſes* Frail.] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat——ſo—— [*Kiſſes Miſs.*

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome a-ſhoar.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir *Samp.* Thou haſt been many a weary League *Ben*, ſince I ſaw thee.

Ben.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all ——Well Father, and how do all at home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir *Samp.* *Dick*, body o'me, *Dick* has been dead theſe two Years; I writ you Word, when you were at *Legorne*.

Ben. Meſs, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick*'s dead as you ſay—Well, and how? I have a many Queſtions to ask you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir *Samp.* No, I intend you ſhall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy ſake.

Ben. Nay, what does that ſignifie?—an you marry again——Why then, I'll go to Sea again, ſo there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry ~~a God's Name~~ an the Wind ſit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no Mind to marry.

Frail. That wou'd be pity, ſuch a handſome young Gentleman.

Ben. Handſome! he, he, he, nay Forſooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my Jeſt, an the Ship were ſinking, as we ſayn at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much ſtand towards Matrimony. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land: I could

could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it: Now a Man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye ſee, his Feet in the Bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir *Samp.* *Ben*'s a Wagg.

Ben. A Man that is marry'd, d'ye ſee, is no more like another Man, than a Gally-Slave is like one of us free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a ~~leaky~~ *crazy* Veſſel into the Bargain.

Sir *Samp.* A very Wag, *Ben*'s a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little poliſhing.

Mrs. *Frail.* Not at all; I like his Humour mightily, it's plain and honeſt, I ſhou'd like ſuch a Humour in a Huſband extreamly.

Ben. Say'n you ſo Forſooth? Marry and I ſhou'd like ſuch a handſome Gentlewoman for a Bed-Fellow hugely; how ſay you, Miſtreſs, wou'd you like going to Sea? Meſs, you're a tight Veſſel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. *Frail.* I ſhou'd not doubt that, if you were Maſter of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady —— You mayn't carry ſo much Sail o'your

o'your Head —— Top and top gallant, by the Mess.

Mrs. *Frail.* No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be over-set, and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the verriest Wag in Nature; an absolute Sea-Wit.

Sir *Samp.* Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before, they want a little Polishing: You must not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jest, I'll take a Jest: And so Forsooth you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended; —But methinks Sir *Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his Mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well *Miss*, I have your Promise. [*Aside to* Miss.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, Madam, you say true: —— Look you *Ben*; this is your Mistress, —— Come Miss, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my Cousin stay with me?

Sir *Samp.* No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben.

Ben. Look you, Father, may-hap the young Woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir *Samp.* I warrant thee Boy, come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

Exeunt Sir Sampson & Mr. Trail R

SCENE VII.

Ben, and Miss PRUE.

Ben. COME Mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together,—Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off, to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a League asunder, I'd undertake to hold Discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you Forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ye see, that was none of my secking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your Harbour.

hour. How say you, Mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a Hammock together.

Mis. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.—— But pray why are you so scornful?

Mis. As long as one must not speak one's Mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a Folly to lie: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary Way; is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's Name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens thof' they love a Man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's Face: If that's the Case, why Silence gives Consent.

Mis. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak Truth, tho' one should always tell a Lie to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too

3

Mr. Frail
Mr. Foresight
Sir Sampson
Foresight

too big to be whipt, ſo I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Anſwer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I ſpoke you fair, d'ye ſee, and civil.—— As for your Love or your liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End;——And mayhap I like you as little as you do me:—— What I ſaid was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you ſhou'd give ſuch Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine Tails laid croſs your Shoulders. Fleſh! who are you? You heard t'other handſome young Woman ſpeak civilly to me, of her own Accord: Whatever you think of your ſelf, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of ſmall-Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miſs. Well, and there's a handſome Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a ſweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he ſees you ſpeak to me any more, he'll thraſh your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

Ben.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-Weather Spark that was here juſt now? Will he thraſh my Jacket? —Let'n, —— let'n, ——But an he comes near me, may-hap I may giv'n a ſalt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as ſoon as I come home, with ſuch a dirty dowdy.—— Sea-Calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheeſe-Curd you, ——marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* Witch as ſoon, and live upon ſelling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Veſſels.

Miſs. I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, ſo I won't.—If I were a Man—— [*Cryes.*]—— you durſt not talk at this rate ——— No you durſt not, you ſtinking Tar-Barrel.

SCENE VIII.

Enter. [*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGHT *and* *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *Fore.* THEY have quarrel'd juſt as we cou'd wiſh.

Ben. Tar-Barrel? Let your Sweet-Heart there call me ſo, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Eſſence*, and I'll ſay ſomething to him; Gad I'll lace his Musk-Doublet

A

Thomas

Doublet for him, ~~I'll make him flink;~~ he ſhall ſmell more like a Weaſel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. *Fore.* Bleſs me, what's the Matter, Miſs? What, does ſhe cry? —— Mr. *Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: ~~The more ſhe cries, the leſs ſhe'll~~ —— ſhe has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. *Fore.* Come, Miſs, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child. ——

Mrs. *Frail.* Lord, what ſhall we do, there's my Brother *Foreſight*, and Sir *Samp-ſon* coming. Sifter, do you take Miſs down into the Parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they muſt not know that they are fall'n out. —Come, Sir, will you venture your ſelf with me? [*Looking kindly on him.*

Ben. Venture, Meſs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir SAMPSON *and* FORESIGHT.

Sir *Samp.* I Left 'em together here; what are they gone? *Ben*'s a brisk Boy: He has got her into a Corner, Father's own Son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's sharp set, coming from Sea; if he should not stay for saving Grace, old *Foresight*, but fall to without the help of a Parson, ha? Odd if he shou'd I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholick, old Prognostication; as melancholick as if thou hadst spilt the Salt, or par'd thy Nails on a Sunday: —— Come, cheer up, look about thee: Look up old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horse-Nail, with the Head towards him.

Fore. Sir *Sampson*, we'll have the Wedding to Morrow Morning.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart.

Fore. At ten a Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir *Samp.* To a Minute, to a Second; thou shall set thy Watch, and the Bride-

groom

* Enter ~~Servant~~ Thomas L.

Sr. Sir, Sir, .

Fore. What's the matter? x m

Ser.t Mr Scandal, Sir, desires to speak to you upon earnest business, which must be told you, he says, within this hour, or it will be too late.

Fores. I'll wait on him. Sir Samson, your servant.

Exit Foresight L.

Sr Sam What is this business, friend?

Ser.t Sir, tis about your son, Mr Valentine; something has appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophesy.

Exit Servant L.

D. L. 404.

groom ſhall obſerve its Motions; they ſhall be marry'd to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute; and when the Alarm ſtrikes, they ſhall keep time like the Figures of St. *Dunſtan's* Clock; and *Conſummatum eſt* ſhall ring all over the Pariſh——

※ *Inter Servant I.*

SCENE X.

[*To them*] SCANDAL.

Scan. SIR *Sampſon*, ſad News.

Fore. Bleſs us!

Sir *Samp.* Why, what's the Matter?

Scan. Can't you gueſs at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing elſe?

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I don't know any Univerſal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the Loſs of the Canary Fleet. Unleſs Popery ſhou'd be landed in the *Weſt*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall*.

Scan. No. Undoubtedly, Mr. *Foreſight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no Earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——

But it has had a Conſequence already that touches us all.

Sir *Samp.* Why, body o'me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine* —— He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill —— He ſpeaks little, yet he ſays he has a World to ſay. Asks for his Father and the wiſe *Foreſight*; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghoſt of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart I ſuppoſe to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs. He deſires he may ſee you in the Morning, but would not be diſturb'd to Night, becauſe he has ſome Buſineſs to do in a Dream.

Sir *Samp.* Hoity toity, what have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination — Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer ſigning the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he muſt not part with his Eſtate. But I'll bring him a Parſon to tell him, that the Devil's a Liar —— Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that ſhall out-lie the Devil. And ſo I'll try whether my Black-Guard or his ſhall get the better of the Day.

Exit L.

End of act 3d

SCENE

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SCENE XI.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT.

Scan. ALas, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right——You are a Wise Man, and a Conscientious Man; a Searcher into Obscurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Consideration, and Discretion, and Caution——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal* ——

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you——But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty;——I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*——He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in his Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you shou'd not ——

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*, —*Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, Man will err; meer Man will err——but you are something more——There have been wise Men; but they were such as you —Men who consulted the Stars, and were Observers

of Omens ——*Salomon* was wise, but how?—by his Judgment in Astrology—So says *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter ——

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*—

Scan. A Trifler—but a Lover of Art ——And the Wise Men of the *East* ow'd their Instruction to a Star, which is rightly observ'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favour of Astrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valuable Science, Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the Causation of Causes, in the Causes of things.

Fore. I protest I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*——I did not think you had been read in these matters——Few Young Men are inclin'd——

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclined me——But I fear this Marriage and making over this Estate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I prophesie it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is disturb'd, what can be the Cause of that? and Sir *Sampson* is hurry'd on by an unusual Violence ——I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous Nature——But as to this Marriage I have consulted the Stars; and all Appearances are prosperous——

Scan. Come, come, Mr. *Foresight*, let not the Prospect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor against your Conscience——You are not satisfy'd that you act justly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say——I am loth to discourage you——But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal?* I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer your self to deceive your self; or you do not know your self.

Fore. Pray explain your self.

Scan. Do you sleep well o'nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in Health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd just so.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! bless me.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. *Fore.* HUsband, will you go to Bed? It's ten a Clock. Mr. *Scandal*, your Servant.

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my Design——but I must work her into the Project. You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Foresight* is punctual, we sit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your Glass, your little Looking-glass.

Scan. Pray lend it him, Madam—— I'll tell you the Reason. [*She gives him the Glass:* Scandal *and she whisper.*] My Passion for you is grown so violent—— that I am no longer Master of my self—— I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had Hopes of finding another Opportunity of explaining my self to you —— but was disappointed all this Day; and the Uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable Hour.——

Mrs. *Fore.*

Mrs. *Fore.* Was there ever such Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than disclaim my Passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whisper.*

[Foresight *looking in the Glass.*

Fore. I do not see any Revolution here; ——Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect —— pale, a little pale —— but the Roses of these Cheeks have been gather'd many Years; —— ha! I do not like that sudden Flushing — Gone already! — hem, hem, hem! faintish. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and my Pulses, ha! —— I have none —— Mercy on me —— hum — Yes, here they are —— Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me? — Now they're gone again — And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem! — breath, hem! — grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the Name of Love and Pleasure.

Mrs. *Fore.* How do you do, Mr. *Foresight*?

Fore.

Fore. Hum, not ſo well as I thought I was. Lend me your Hand.

Scan. Look you there now —— Your Lady ſays, your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. *Fore.* O mighty reſtleſs, but I was afraid to tell him ſo, —— He has been ſubject to Talking and Starting.

Scan. And did not uſe to be ſo.

Mrs. *Fore.* Never, never; 'till within theſe three Nights; I cannot ſay, that he has once broken my Reſt, ſince we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to Bed.

Scan. Do ſo, Mr. *Foreſight*, and ſay your Pray'rs —— He looks better than he did.

Mrs. *Fore.* Nurſe, Nurſe!

Fore. Do you think ſo, Mr. *Scandal*?

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in time. ——

Fore. I hope ſo.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] NURSE.

Mrs. *Fore.* NURSE; your Master is not well; put him to Bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the Morning, —— you had best take a little Diacodion and Cowslip-Water, and lye upon your Back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you Mr. *Scandal*, I will —— Nurse, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me. —

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And —— hem, hem! I am very faint. ——

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And d'ye hear —— bring me, let me see —— within a Quarter of Twelve — hem — he, hem! — just upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal; —— And I hope, neither the Lord of my Ascendant, nor the Moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so —— Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the sixth House.

Fore.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night.

SCENE XIV.

SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Scan. GOOD Night, good Mr. *Foresight*; —— and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction; —— while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well; and what uſe do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think, that you are ever like to ſucceed in your Deſign upon me.

Scan. Yes, Faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and my ſelf, than to deſpair.

Mrs. *Fore.* Did you ever hear ſuch a Toad — hark'ee Devil; do you think any Woman honeſt?

Scan. Yes, ſeveral, very honeſt; —— they'll cheat a little at Cards, ſometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. *Fore.* Pſhaw! but virtuous I mean.

Scan. Yes, Faith, I believe ſome Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe ſome Men are Valiant, thro' Fear ——

For

For why ſhou'd a Man court Danger, or a Woman ſhun Pleaſure.

Mrs. *Fore.* O monſtrous! What are Conſcience and Honour?

Scan. Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conſcience a Domeſtick Thief; and he that wou'd ſecure his Pleaſure, muſt pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for Honour, that you have ſecur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleaſure.

Mrs. *Fore.* An Opportunity for Pleaſure!

Scan. Ay, your Husband, a Husband is an Opportunity for Pleaſure, ſo you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the leaſt I can do to take care of Conſcience.

Mrs. *Fore.* And ſo you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes Faith, I think ſo; I love to ſpeak my Mind.

Mr. *Fore.* Why then I'll ſpeak my Mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I'll confeſs it does not diſpleaſe me. Your Perſon is well enough, and your Underſtanding is not amiſs.

Scan. I have no great Opinion of my ſelf; but I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. *Fore.*

Mrs. *Fore.* But you have a villainous Character; you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you wou'd ſay,——you think it more dangerous to be ſeen in Converſation with me, than to allow ſome other Men the laſt Favour; you miſtake, the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that firſt cries out ſtop Thief, is often he that has ſtol'n the Treaſure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you pleaſe, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. *Fore.* Ay; but you are ſuch an univerſal Jugler,——that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm ſound.

Mrs. *Fore.* O, fie——I'll ſwear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll ſwear you're handſome.

Mrs. *Fore.* Piſh, you'd tell me ſo, tho' you did not think ſo.

Scan. And you'd think ſo, tho' I ſhou'd not tell you ſo: And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. *Fore.* O Lord who's here?

SCENE

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FRAIL *and* BEN.

Ben. MESS, I love to ſpeak my Mind ——Father has nothing to do with me—Nay, I can't ſay that neither; he has ſomething to do with me. But what does that ſignifie? If ſo be, that I ben't minded to be ſteer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he ſhould ſtrive againſt Wind and Tide.

Mrs. *Frail.* Ay, but my Dear, we muſt keep it ſecret, 'till the Eſtate be ſettled; for you know, marrying without an Eſtate, is like ſailing in a Ship without Ballaſt.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; juſt ſo for all the World it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. *Frail.* And tho' I have a good Portion; you know one wou'd not venture all in one Bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for mayhap one Bottom may ſpring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Meſs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. *Frail.* Well, but if you ſhou'd forſake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

Ben.

Ben. Break your Heart? I'd rather the *Mary-gold* ſhou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Fleſh, you don't think I'm falſe-hearted, like a Land-Man. A Sailor will be honeſt tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Mony in his Pocket——May-hap I may not have ſo fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as ſound as a Bisket.

Mrs. *Frail.* And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll ſtick like Pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll ſing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. *Frail.* Hold, there's my Siſter, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well; I won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night; becauſe I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have ſaid.

Scan. Well; you'll give me Leave to wait upon you to your Chamber Door; and leave you my laſt Inſtructions?

Mrs. *Fore.* Hold, here's my Siſter coming towards us.

Mrs. *Frail.* If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ships-Crew's Wife; our Boat-ſwain made the Song, may-hap you may know her,

her, Sir. Before she was marry'd, she was call'd Buxom *Joan* of *Deptford*.

Scan. I have heard of her.

[Ben. *sings.*

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker, and a Tailor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lye o'Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
That he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his Measure.
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he could mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor slily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they should all fall out, Sir:
He then might play his Part.
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
That won this fair Maid's Heart.

Ben. If some of our Crew that came to see me, are not gone; you shall see, that we Sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whistles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they be — And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one. [*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter — Come home, and lye with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Mony; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. *Frail.* O'you are the happiest, merriest Men alive.

Mrs. *Fore.*

Mrs. *Fore.* We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this Entertainment.
I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forſooth, an you think ſo, you had beſt go to Bed. For my Part, I mean to toſs a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Scandal*, you had beſt go to Bed and dream too.

Scan. Why Faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpoſe as another, if I ſet about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeleſs, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the laſt Glimpſe of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliſs to wiſhing Girls, and growing Boys.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make Bleſt the Ripen'd Maid and finiſh'd Man.

End of the Third Act.

1

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's *Lodging.*

Enter L. SCANDAL *and* JEREMY.

SCANDAL.

WELL, is your Master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning Poet yesterday Morning, can't be much to seek in playing the Madman to Day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reason of his Design?

Jere. No, Sir, not yet;——He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take Coach just now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

Jere.

1

Scandal

Jeremy

Angelica

Jenny

Jere. Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this Morning, my Master was run stark mad only for Love of her Mistress; I hear a Coach stop, if it should be she, Sir, I believe he would not see her, 'till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'tis she, here she comes.

SCENE II.

[To them] ANGELICA *with* JENNY.

Ang. MR. *Scandal*, I suppose you don't think it a Novelty, to see a Woman visit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind Occasion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifest the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it something surprizes me.

Ang. I don't like Raillery from a serious Face——pray tell me what is the Matter?

Jere. No strange Matter, Madam; my Master's mad, that's all: I suppose your Ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, juſt as he was poor for want of Mony; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets; and any Body that has a Mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Eſtate.

Ang. If you ſpeak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unſeaſonable——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of ſo much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I muſt own my ſelf oblig'd to—pray tell me Truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wiſh telling a Lie would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unſucceſsful Paſſion.

Ang. [*Aſide.*] I know not what to think —— Yet I ſhou'd be vext to have a Trick put upon me——May I not ſee him?

Scan. I'm afraid the Phyſician is not willing you ſhou'd ſee him yet—*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

Exit Jeremy.

MD

SCENE

2.

Jeremy
Sir Sampson
Buckram

SCENE II.

SCANDAL, ANGELICA, JENNY.

Ang. HA! I saw him wink and smile — I fancy 'tis a Trick — I'll try — I would disguise to all the World a Failing, which I must own to you — I fear my Happiness depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compassion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for — I cannot speak — But you may tell me, tell me, for you know what I wou'd ask?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain — Be not too much concerned, Madam; I hope his Condition is not desperate: An Acknowledgement of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure; as the Fear of your Aversion occasion'd his Distemper.

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you so; nay then I'm convinc'd: And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taste the Pleasure of Revenge — Acknowledgement of Love! I find you have mistaken my Compassion, and think me guilty of a Weakness I am a Stranger to. ~~But I have too much Sincerity to deceive you, and too~~

~~much Charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes~~. Good Nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; ~~and if he can't be cur'd~~ without I ~~suck~~ the Poison from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senses 'till I lose mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith —— Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signifie a Madman's Desires? Besides, 'twou'd make me uneasie —If I don't see him, perhaps my Concern for him may lessen —If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the Surprize is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was ——

Scan. So, faith good Nature works apace; you were confessing just now an Obligation to his Love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that Passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help my want of Inclination to stay longer here — Come, *Jenny.*

Exeunt Angelica and Jenny

SCENE

X ~~SCENE IV.~~

Enter ~~SCANDAL~~, JEREMY. *M D*

Scan. HUMH!—An admirable Compoſition, Faith, this ſame Womankind.

Jere. What, is ſhe gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why ſhe was never here, nor any where elſe; nor I don't know her if I ſee her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Maſter longs to ſee her; and is almoſt mad in good earneſt, with the joyful News of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a Miſtake —— Ask no Queſtions, for I can't reſolve you; but I'll inform your Maſter. In the mean time, if our Project ſucceed no better with his Father, than it does with his Miſtreſs, he may deſcend from his Exaltation of Madneſs into the Road of common Senſe, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reaſonable People. I hear Sir *Sampſon*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Maſter.

X R

Sr Samson ſpeaks without L.

Exit Scandal M D

SCENE

~~SCENE V.~~

Enter JEREMY, *Sir* SAMPSON LEGEND, *with a* LAWYER.

Sir *Samp.* D'YE see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the Paper sign'd with his own Hand.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this ~~Box~~, *Bag*, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir *Samp.* Ready, Body o'me, he must be ready: His Sham-Sickness shan't excuse him — O, here's his Scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your Master?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir *Samp.* Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir *Samp.* What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? speak, Varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir, he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as sound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Hey day, Rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me, —— Speak Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere.

3

Valentine
Scandal

Jere. Would you could, Sir; for he has loſt himſelf. Indeed, Sir, I have a moſt broke my Heart about him—I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a Paſſing-Bell, Sir; or a Horſe in a Pound.

Sir *Samp.* A ~~Pox~~ *Plague* confound your Similitudes, Sir —— Speak to be underſtood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fools Scull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's ſtark mad, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos*?

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, Sir *Sampſon*, if he be *Non Compos mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir *Samp.* Oons, I won't believe it; let me ſee him, Sir—Mad, I'll make him find his Senſes.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door. *door* *m*

[*Goes to the* ~~*Scene*~~, *which opens.*

SCENE

~~SCENE VI.~~

~~Sir SAMPSON~~, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *and discovered* ~~JEREMY, and LAWYER~~. (Valentine *upon a Couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir *Samp.* HOW now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that? [*Starting.*

Scan. For Heav'ns sake softly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir *Samp.* Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently—*Val, Val,* do'st thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val!* I am thy own Father, and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the World is full——There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun shines upon all alike——There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers——'tis strange! But I am ~~Truth~~, *honesty* and come to give the World the Lie.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val.

L. Scon. R. Scremy - push the couch forward.

Val. Why does that Lawyer wear black? ——Does he carry his Conſcience without-ſide?—Lawyer, what art thou? Doſt thou know me?

Buckr. O Lord, what muſt I ſay?—— No, ſir,— Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou lieſt, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelyhood amongſt you. I have been ſworn out of *Weſtminſter-Hall* the firſt Day of every Term—Let me ſee—No matter how long—— But I'll tell you one thing; it's a Queſtion that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you ſhould ask him, whether the Bible ſaves more Souls in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, or damns more in *Weſtminſter-Hall*: For my part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir *Samp.* Body o'me, he talks ſenſibly in his Madneſs——Has he no Intervals?

Jere. Very ſhort, Sir.

Buckr. Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition: Here's your Paper, Sir——He may do me a Miſchief if I ſtay——The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recover his Senſes.

Exit Buckram.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Sir *Samp.* HOLD, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir; and send for him if there be Occasion; for I fancy his Presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears—heigh ho! What a Clock is't? My Father here! Your Blessing, Sir?

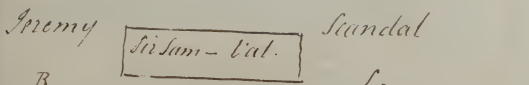
Sir *Samp.* He recovers—— bless thee, *Val.*—How dost thou do, Boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well—— I have been a little out of Order; won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Ay, Boy,—Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest *Val:* How do'st thou do? let me feel thy Pulse—Oh, pretty well now, *Val:* Body o'me, I was sorry to


Enemy
R
Sir Sam – l'al.
Scandal
L.

A

Foresight
Mr. Foresight
Mrs. Frail

to see thee indispos'd: But I'm glad thou art better, honest *Val.*

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the Monster grows loving. [*Aside.*

Sir *Samp.* Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val:* It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, *Val:* Ha, Boy? thou canst write thy Name, *Val?* ——— *Jeremy*, step and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haste back with the Conveyance—quick—quick. [*In Whisper to* Jeremy.

Exit Jeremy R

4

~~SCENE VIII.~~

Sir ~~SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.~~

Scan. THAT ever I shou'd suspect such a Heathen of any Remorse! [*Aside.*

Sir *Samp.* Do'st thou know this Paper, *Val?* I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shews him the Paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou do'ſt ſee it—'tis thy own Hand, *Vally.* Why, let me ſee, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*——— Look you, as plain as can be, ſo it begins——And then at the Bottom——*As witneſs my Hand*, VALENTINE LEGEND, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Noſe in one's Face: What, are my Eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me ſee.

[*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*

Val. Will you pleaſe to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir *Samp.* Let thee hold it, ſay'ſt thou ——Ay, with all my Heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val.* and then no body need hold it [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There *Val:* it's ſafe enough, Boy——But thou ſhalt have it as ſoon as thou haſt ſet thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val.*

SCENE

~~SCENE IX.~~

[*To them*] JEREMY ~~with~~ *and* BUCKRAM.

Val. WHAT, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm; and he's come to be ſcratch'd—My Nails are not long enough—Let me have a Pair of Red-hot Tongues quickly, quickly, and you ſhall ſee me act St. *Dunſtan*, and lead the Devil by the Noſe. *[Leads Buckram by the nose over to L.)*

Buckr. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my ſelf with a Madman. *[Exit Buckram L.*

~~SCENE X.~~

~~Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.~~

Val. HA, ha, ha; you need not run ſo faſt, Honeſty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* preſently.

Sir *Samp.* Oons! What a Vexation is here! I know not what to do, or ſay, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way? —I am ~~Lame~~ heavily, and can set him right. —Harkee, Friend, the ſtrait Road is the worſt way you can go —— He that follows his Noſe always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum eſt.* But what are you for? Religion or Politicks? There's a couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oil and Vinegar; and yet thoſe two beaten together by a State-Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir *Samp.* What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Becauſe thou wert a Monſter, old Boy? The two greateſt Monſters in the World, are a Man and a Woman. What's thy Opinion?

Sir *Samp.* Why, my Opinion is, that thoſe two Monſters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. A ha! Old True-penny, ſay'ſt thou ſo: thou haſt nick'd it —— But its wonderful ſtrange, *Jeremy.*

Jere. What is, Sir?

Val. That gray Hairs ſhou'd cover a green Head — and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here! *Erra Pater*; or a bearded Sybil? If Prophecy comes, ~~Truth~~ Ironically muſt give place.

~~SCENE~~

Exeunt Val. & Jeremy R.

Enter Foresight, Mr. Foresight & Mrs. Frail

Fores. Sir Samson, Sir Samson

Mr. Foresight & Mrs. Frail retire L.

Val. What's here, &c

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Bern

SCENE XI.

Sir SAMPSON, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL

Fore. WHAT says he? What, did he prophesie? Ha, Sir *Sampson*, bless us! How are we?

Sir *Samp.* Are we? A plague o'your Prognostication — Why, we are Fools as we use to be — Oons, that you cou'd not foresee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad — Where's your Oppositions, your Trines, and your Quadrates? — What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolome* tell you? Your *Messahalah* and your *Longomontanus*, your Harmony of Chiromancy with Astrology. Ah! plague on't, that I that know the World, and Men and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Business in Expectation of a lucky Hour. When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the first Opportunity. *Exit Sir Sampson L.*

SCENE XII.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FRAIL.

Fore. AH, Sir *Sampſon*, Heav'n help your Head——This is none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.* What, is he gone, and in contempt of Science! Ill Stars, and unconvertible Ignorance attend him.

Leading Foresight towards R.

Scan. You muſt excuſe his Paſſion, Mr. *Foreſight*; for he has been heartily vex'd——His Son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; ſo that all his Meaſures are diſappointed.

Mrs. Frail & Mrs. Fores talk together L.

Fore. Ha! ſay you ſo?

Mrs. *Frail.* What, has my Sea-Lover loſt his Anchor of Hope then?

[*Aſide to Mrs.* Foreſight.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh Siſter, what will you do with him?

Mrs. *Frail.* Do with him, ſend him to Sea again in the next foul Weather——He's us'd to an inconſtant Element, and won't be ſurpriz'd to ſee the Tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I miſtaken, not to foreſee this? [*Conſiders.*

Scan. Mādam, you and I can tell him something else, that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [*Aside to Mrs.* Foresight.

Mrs. *Fore.* What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly — the Pleasures of last Night, my Dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. *Fore.* Last Night! and what wou'd your Impudence infer from last Night? last Night was like the Night before, I think.

Scan. 'S'death, do you make no difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. *Fore.* Not much, —— he's superstitious; and you are mad in my Opinion.

Scan. You make me mad —— You are not serious — Pray recollect your self.

Mrs. *Fore.* O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent, and would have come to Bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. *Fore.* Did not! With that Face can you ask the Question?

Scan. This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told, she had that admirable Quality of forgetting to a Man's Face in the Morning, that she had lain with him all Night, and denying

that she had done Favours with more Impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em — Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you. — You look pretty well, Mr. *Foresight*. — How did you rest last Night?

Fore. Truly Mr. *Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken Dreams and distracted Visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting Night. — But would you not talk with *Valentine*, perhaps you may understand him; I'm apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his Discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good Judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly, —— I am inclining to your *Turkish* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. *Frail.* Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his Discharge, and come to you. O my Conscience here he comes. *Exit Mrs. Fore.*

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SCENE XIII.

Enter Mrs. FRAIL, BEN.

Ben. ALL mad, I think — Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. *Frail.*

Exeunt Scandal and Foresight R

Mrs. *Frail.* Mr. *Benjamin* in Choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you,—— Meſs, I have had ſuch a Hurricane upon your Account yonder.—

Mrs. *Frail.* My Account, pray what's the Matter?

Ben Why, Father came and found me ſquabling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry,—ſo he ask'd what was the Matter.—He ask'd in a ſurly ſort of a way—(It ſeems Brother *Val.* is gone mad, and ſo that put'n into a Paſſion; but what did I know that, what's that to me?)—So he ask'd in a ſurly ſort of manner,—and Gad I anſwer'd 'en as ſurlily, What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en:—ſo faith I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to pleaſe my ſelf, not him: And for the young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-Pies, than to look after a Huſband; for my part I was none of her Man.——I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. *Frail.* So then, you intend to go to Sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you,—but I wou'd not tell him ſo much

—So he said he'd make my Heart ake; and if so be that he cou'd get a Woman to his Mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the Fool and marry at these Years, there's more Danger of your Head's aking than my Heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.—He had'nt a Word to say, and so I left'n, and the green Girl together; may-hap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Frail.* And were you this undutiful and graceless Wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first, ——If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get myself.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Impiety! How have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless Creature have I set my Heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the Shelves and Quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling Face. X L.

Ben. Hey tos! What's the Matter now? Why you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. *Frail.* O see me no more, —— for thou wert born amongst Rocks, suckl'd by Whales, cradled in a Tempest, and whistled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a most outragious Fish of Prey.

Ben.

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Mrs Foresight
Scandal
Jeremy
Valentine
Foresight — Mem book. Jeremy

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young Woman, Love has turn'd her Senses, her Brain is quite overset. Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights.

Mrs. *Frail.* No, no, I am not mad, Monster, I am wise enough to find you out.——Hadst thou the Impudence to aspire at being a Husband with that stubborn and disobedient Temper?——You that know not how to submit to a Father, presume to have a sufficient Stock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee Forsooth; if so be that you are in your right Senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,——if I have got Anger here upon your Account, and you are tack'd about already.——What d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and stroaking my Cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what wou'd you sheer off so? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. *Frail.* No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. *Frail.* Only the Wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you,—— the Wind's chang'd?—It's an ill Wind blows no Body good,—may-hap I have a good riddance

riddance on you, if these be your Tricks, ——what did you mean all this while, to make a Fool of me?

Mrs. *Frail.* Any Fool, but a Husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your Mind, tho'f you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never so well.

Mrs. *Frail.* Why, can'ſt thou love, *Porpuſſe?*

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call Names, ——I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did, ——I'm glad you shew your self, Mistress: —Let them marry you, as don't know you:— Gad I know you too well, by sad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigat —I believe that, young Woman —— and may-hap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckolds-Point*; so there's a Dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too. *Exit Ben.*

Mrs. *Frail.* Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't, — ~~*My true Love is gone to Sea* —— [*Sings.*~~

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter Mrs. FRAIL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Sister, had you come a Minute sooner, you would have seen the Resolution of a Lover,—— Honest *Tarr* and I are parted;—— and with the same Indifference that we met:—— O'my Life I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a Brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. *Fore.* What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. *Frail.* Most Tyrannically,—for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken Maid am left complaining on the Shoar. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enraged, and talks desperately of committing Matrimony himself.—— If he has a Mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. *Fore.* Oh hang him old Fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me.—— But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a Bargain

Bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine*'s Man, to sell his Master to us.

Mrs. *Frail*. Sell him, how?

Mrs. *Fore*. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.——Now I have promised him Mountains; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Consummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his Senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good Settlement. Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the Design.

They retire together.

R ~~SCENE XV.~~

Enter Scandal and Jeremy

~~Mrs. FORESIGHT, Mrs. FRAIL, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, and JEREMY.~~

Scan. AND have you given your Master a hint of their Plot upon him? [*To* Jere.

Jere. Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport. *Jer. goes behind To Mrs Frail's R*

~~Fore. Mercy on us!~~

R Enter Valentine & Foresight Val.

Fores. Mercy on us!

Scandal x behind to Foresights R.

Tonight writes in Bombay

Val. Hush't —— Interrupt me not —— I'll whisper Prediction to thee, and thou shalt Prophesie; —— I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick, —— I have told thee what's past, —— Now I'll tell what's to come; —— Dost thou know what will happen to Morrow? —— Answer me not —— for I will tell thee. To Morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune; and Honesty will go as it did, Frost-nipt in a Summer Suit. Ask me Questions concerning to Morrow?

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Foresight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you; —— I am *honesty* Truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be said in empty Churches, at the usual Hours. Yet you will see such zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be sold in every Shop. Oh things will go methodically in the City, The Clocks will strike twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd Buz in the Exchange at Two. Wives and Husbands will drive distinct Trades, and Care and Pleasure separately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houses will be full of Smoak and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that sweeps his Master's

ſter's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you will ſee very ſtrange; which are wanton Wives, with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I muſt examine you before I go further; you look ſuſpiciouſly. Are you a Huſband?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Pariſh!

Fore. No; St. *Martins* in the Fields.

Val. Alas; poor Man; his Eyes are ſunk, and his Hands ſhrivell'd: his Legs dwindl'd, and his Back bow'd, pray, pray, for a Metamorphoſis — Change thy Shape, and ſhake off Age; get thee *Medea*'s Kettle, and be boil'd a-new; come forth with lab'ring Callous Hands, a Chine of Steel, and *Atlas* Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedeſtals to ſtand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man ſhou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His Frenzy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. I believe it is a Spring Tide.

Fore.

Z
Angelica
Tattle

Fore. Very likely truly; you understand theſe Matters —— Mr. *Scandal*, I ſhall be very glad to confer with you about theſe things which he has utter'd.— His Sayings are very Myſterious and Hieroglyphical. *[R. and writes]*

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be abſent from my Eyes ſo long? *[Scan. obſerves Mrs. Frail]*

Jere. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. *Fore.* Now, Siſter.

Mrs. *Frail.* O Lord, what muſt I ſay?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means. *[Mrs. Frail advances to M. / Scan goes to Mr. Foresight]*

Val. Where is ſhe? Oh I ſee her —— ſhe comes, like Riches, Health and Liberty at once, to a deſpairing, ſtarving, and abandon'd Wretch,
Oh welcome, welcome. *[Advances to Mrs. Frail]* *R. who ſits down on the Couch*

Mrs. *Frail.* How d'ye you Sir? Can I ſerve you? *[Jeremy advances at Mrs. Frail's R.]*

Val. Harkee, —— I have a Secret to tell you — *Endymion* and the Moon ſhall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be marry'd in the dead of Night. ——— But ſay not a Word. *Hymen* ſhall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be ſecret; and *Juno* ſhall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water, that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus*'s hundred Eyes be ſhut, ha? No body ſhall know, but *Jeremy*.

Mrs. *Frail.*

Mrs. *Frail.* No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently, *to Jeremy.*

Val. The sooner the better. —— *Jeremy*, come hither —— closer —— that none may over-hear us; —— *Jeremy*, I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Fryar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope —— Get me a Coul and Beads, that I may play my part, —— For she'll meet me two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't see one anothers Faces, 'till we have done something to be asham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] TATTLE *and* ANGELICA.

Jere. I'LL take care, and —— *L.*

Val. Whisper. *[Mrs. Fr. Val. & Ang. retire.*

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make Love to me, you spoil my Design, for I intend to make you my Confident.

Tatt. But, Madam, to throw away your Person, such a Person! and such a Fortune on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him 'till he was mad; but don't tell any Body so.

Scan.

※ Enter Tattle and Angelica L.

{ Scandal leaves Mrs Foresight, and comes forward R

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making Love to *Angelica*! [*Scandal remains listening to Tattle and Angelica.*

Tatt. Tell, Madam! alas you don't know me——I have much ado to tell your Ladyship, how long I have been in Love with you but encourag'd by the Impossibility of *Valentine*'s making any more Addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost Passion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you see the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature——Here, a compleat and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senses in perfection, Madam, and to all this, the most passionate Lover——

Ang. O fie for shame, hold your Tongue, A passionate Lover, and five Senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me. *[Exit Tattle—Mr. Foresight rises and goes to sing. R.*

Val. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all. [*To* Jeremy.

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he shou'd, I can perswade him. *[Comes forward with Scandal. Mr. Foresight, Mrs. Frail & Jer. remain talking together.*

Val. Scandal, who are these? [Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think——get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my Design to her. [*Whisper.*

Scan. I will——I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with Mrs. *Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together——Hark'ee ——[*They retire R.*] [*Whisper.*

Mrs. *Fore.* He won't know you, Cousin, he knows no body.

Advances R. *Fore.* But he knows more than any body,——Oh Neice, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.[*Mrs. Frail leaves Sea. sits down on the Couch.*]

Advances R. *Tatt.* Look you, Mr. *Foresight*, it is not my way to make many Words of Matters, and so I shan't say much,—But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle*——Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart; and safer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Lemon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir. [*R. to Foresight L.*] [*To Scandal.*]

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about.——They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so my self. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming with you*]

Advances to Tattle L.

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and tell you honestly, ~~jog up to them.~~] I am ~~Truth~~, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[Scandal, ~~goes aside with~~ Jeremy, whom a little retired to.

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine?*

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

Val. My Friend, what to do? I am no married Man, and thou canſt not lye with my Wife: I am very poor, and thou canſt not borrow Mony of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

Tatt. Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be truſted with a Secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine?* Mr. Foresight sits down by Mr. Fadl

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a Woman,—One to whom nature ~~Heav'n~~ gave Beauty, when it grafted Roſes on a Briar. You are the Reflection of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you is ſunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely ſpotleſs Paper, when you firſt are born; but you are to be ſcrawl'd and blotted by every Gooſe's Quill. I know you; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her ſo long, that I found out a ſtrange thing: I found out what a Woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, prithee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a Secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a Secret: For tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd. [Retires to the Couch. Mrs Frail & Mrs Jones rise and stand.]

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith. [Sing Trusty & Tattle]

Val. I would have Musick ~~Sing me~~ the Song that I like——

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Finger.*

I.

I Tell thee, Charmion, *could I Time retrieve,*
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I should my earliest Off'ring give;
I know, my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I should all my Vows and Oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point assign'd;
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what should be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree:
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No

No more, for I am melancholly. [*Walks musing*

Jere. I'll do't, Sir. [*To* Scandal

Scan. Mr. *Foresight*, we had best leave him. He may grow outragious, and do Mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. to Mrs. *Frail.*] You'll meet, Madam; —— I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. *Frail.* Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To* Angelica.

Ang. No, I'll stay with him — Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that —— Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. *Fore.* Mr. *Tatttle* might have us'd less Ceremony.

SCENE XVII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE, SCANDAL. (to Jeremy)

Scan. JEremy, follow *Tattle*. *Exit Jeremy L.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only ſtay 'till my Maid comes, and becauſe I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better Reaſon, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his Impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindneſs for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Sollicitations. So I'll leave him to make uſe of the Diſcovery; and your Ladyſhip to the free Confeſſion of your Inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heav'ns! You won't leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy. *Exit Scandal L.*

SCENE XVIII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE. (Riſes & advances R)

Val. MADAM, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my ſelf.

Ang.

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Jeremy
Lenny

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Val. You see what Disguises Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the same Reason; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Masque of Madness, and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine.*

Val. Nay Faith, now let us understand one another, Hypocrisie apart —— The Comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our selves; and since you have lov'd me, you must own, I have at length deserv'd you shou'd confess it.

Ang. Sighs.] I would I had lov'd you —— for Heav'n knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the bad Effects, I wou'd have striven; but that's too late.

[*Sighs.*

Val. What sad Effects? —— What's too late? my seeming Madness has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of Means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my Inheritance to his Estate; which otherwise by Articles, I must this Morning have resign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but

you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Tranſport in your Soul; which, it ſeems, you only counterfeited; for by mercenary Ends, and ſordid Intereſt.

Val. Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Intereſt was conſider'd it was yours; ſince I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary —— But how am I deluded by this interval of Senſe, to reaſon with a Madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to miſunderſtand me longer.

~~SCENE XIX.~~

Enter [~~*To them*~~] JEREMY.

Ang. OH here's a reaſonable Creature ——ſure he will not have the Impudence to perſevere —— Come *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confeſs your Maſter's Madneſs counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as abſolutely and ſubſtantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*; Nay,

Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jere. O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jere. Yes, Madam; he has Intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now. *(to Jeremy)*

Val. Why you thick-skull'd Rascal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Partly I think—for he does not know his own Mind two Hours—I'm sure I left him just now, in the Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there?

[*One knocks.*

Val. Go see, you Sot. I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had Apprehension enough to be exceptious: But Madmen shew themselves most, by overpretending to a sound Understanding; as drunken

drunken Men do by over acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidently touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have restor'd me to my former Opinion and Compassion.

Jere. Sir, your Father has sent to know if you are any better yet —— Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the Confession of my Senses; I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

Jere. So —— Just the very reverse of Truth, —But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greatest part of my Conversation —— Madam, your Ladyship's Woman.

Exit Jeremy.

SCENE XX.

VALENTINE, ANGELICA, JENNY.

Ang. WELL, have you been there? —— Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to* Angelica.

Val. You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

Ang. Wou'd any thing, but a Madman complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and

and Expectation are the Joys of Life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a Wish, discovers the Folly of the Chase. Never let us know one another better; for the Pleasure of a Masquerade is done, when we come to shew our Faces; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it.

Exeunt Angelica and Jenny L.

SCENE XXI.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Val. FROM a Riddle, you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Instruction, and the Moral of my Lesson. *Exit Jeremy R*

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

Val. Understood! She is harder to be understood than a Piece of *Ægyptian* Antiquity, or an *Irish* Manuscript; you may pore 'till you spoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge. *L R*

Jere. I have heard 'em say, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards;

wards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of a Witches Prayer, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; she is a Medal without a Reverse or Inscription, for Indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spight of the Opinion of my Satirical Friend, *Scandal*, who says,

That Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

Exeunt Valentine and Jeremy R

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

1
Angelica
Jemmy
Sir Sampson — Bond

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's *House.*

L. Enter ANGELICA, *and* JENNY.

ANGELICA.

WHERE is Sir *Sampson*? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great Glass in the ~~Dining-Room~~ Drawing Room, Madam, setting his Cravat and Wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my Design.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* shou'd come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

Exit Jenny L.

SCENE

R Enter ~~SCENE II.~~

~~ANGELICA~~, *Sir* SAMPSON.

Sir *Samp.* I Have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady, a great while—odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great Reason to complain, Sir *Sampson*, that is not long ago.

Sir *Samp.* Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute Courtier, Sir *Sampson.*

Sir *Samp.* Not at all, Madam: Ods-bud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: ~~Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can serve a Lady any way.~~ Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too soon, faith and troth you do——Come, don't despise fifty; odd fifty, in a hale Constitution, is no such contemptible Age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very fashionable Age I think——

I

I assure you, I know very considerable Beaus, that set a good Face upon fifty, fifty! I have seen fifty in a side Box by Candle-Light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir *Samp.* Outsides, Outsides; a pize take 'em, meer Outsides: Hang your Side-Box Beaus; no, I'm none of those, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to blossom in the Fall; and Bud when they should bring forth Fruit: I am of a long liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Ancestors marry'd 'till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters 'till fourscore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antideluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not wash away. Well, Madam, what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his Throat? or——

Ang. No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands—I have more Occasion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a Husband.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should—Odd, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd she wou'd; faith and troth she's

ſhe's deviliſh handſome. [*Aſide.*] Madam, you deſerve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you ſhou'd be thrown away upon any of theſe young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging, —that is a very young Fellow — Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing; —And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder; out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themſelves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning: —Odſo, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampſon*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man eaſie that I can like; If there were ſuch a thing as a young agreeable Man, with a reaſonable Stock of good Nature and Senſe —— For I would neither have an abſolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you are hard to pleaſe, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth you ſpeak very diſcreetly; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Ang. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampſon*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honeſty or Underſtanding: And ſhe that marries a very witty Man is a Slave to the Severity

Severity and insolent Conduct of her Husband. I should like a Man of Wit for a Lover, because I would have such an one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Consequence of his Aversion, than his Jealousie is of his Love.

Sir *Samp.* None of old *Foresight*'s *Sybils* ever utter'd such a Truth. Odsbud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was spoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, 'till he learn'd to be a Wit —— And might have risen in the State —— But, a pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Mony, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampson*, as your Friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir *Samp.* How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done —— But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, I believe she likes me — [*Aside.*] —— Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wish, Madam, they were

were in a better Posture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit —If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir *Sampson*, what's the Matter?

2.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, Madam, I love you—And if you wou'd take my Advice in a Husband ——.

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir *Sampson*. I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in Jest, to satisfie you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were seemingly carried on, between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Disguise of Madness, in Apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a Passion for me.

Sir *Samp.* Gadzooks, a most ingenious Contrivance—If we were to go through with it. But why must the Match only be seemingly carry'd on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fie, Sir *Sampson*, what would the World say?

Sir *Samp.*

2.

Jathe.

Jeremy

Sir *Samp.* Say, they would say, you were a wife Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your Power, Sir *Sampson*; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his Senses, he must make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you're cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better—But, I warrant you, I have a Proviso in the Obligation in favour of my self—— Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Issue Male of our two Bodies begotten. Odsbud let us find Children, and I'll find an Estate!

Ang. Will you? Well, do you find the Estate, and leave the t'other to me—

Sir *Samp.* O Rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a Match then?

Ang. Let me consult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable; I'll give you my Answer.

Sir *Samp.* With all my Heart;—Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond ——You shall consult your Lawyer, and I'll consult a Parson; ~~Odzooks I'm a young~~

Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear—Odd, you're deviliſh handſome: Faith and Troth, you're very handſome, and I'm very young, and very luſty——Odsbud, Huſſy, you know how to chuſe, and ſo do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met;—Give me your Hand, odd, let me kiſs it; 'tis as warm and as ſoft—as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand—give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiſs 'em 'till they melt in my Mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir *Sampſon*——You're profuſe of your Vigour before your time: You'll ſpend your Eſtate before you come to it.

Sir *Samp.* No, no, only give you a Rent-Roll of my Poſſeſſions—Ah! Baggage——I warrant you for little *Sampſon*: Odd, *Sampſon*'s a very good Name for an able Fellow: Your *Sampſons* were ſtrong Dogs from the Beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your Part—If you remember, *Sampſon*, the ſtrongeſt of the Name, pull'd an old Houſe over his Head at laſt.

Sir *Samp.* Say you ſo Huſſy?—Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too: come away——Odſo, here's ſome body coming.

Ex.t Sir Sam. & Ang. R

SCENE

3.

Bish. Part

~~SCENE III.~~

Enter TATTLE, JEREMY.

Tatt. IS not that she, gone out just now?

Jere. Ay, Sir, she's just going to the Place of Appointment. Ah Sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this Business, you'll certainly be the Death of a Person that has a most extraordinary Passion for your Honour's Service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy self, Sir—— Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great while;—— And now, Sir, my former Master, having much troubled the Fountain of his Understanding; it is a very plausible Occasion for me to quench my Thirst at the Spring of your Bounty—I thought I could not recommend my self better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; say no more—— Thou art a pretty Fellow, and canst carry a Message to a Lady, in a pretty soft kind of Phrase, and with a good perswading Accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head ——— I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an Univerſity: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are ſecret in your Nature, private, cloſe, ha?

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as ſecret as the Head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay? Who's he, tho'? A Privy Counſellor?

Jere. O Ignorance! [*Aſide.*] A cunning *Ægyptian*, Sir, that with his Arms would over-run the Country, yet no Body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

Tatt. Cloſe Dog! ~~A good Whoremaſter~~, I warrant him —— the time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I muſt be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to ſeize at firſt Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Maſter's Madneſs to be ſo dreſs'd; and ſhe is ſo in Love with him, ſhe'll comply with any thing to pleaſe him. Poor Lady, I'm ſure ſhe'll have reaſon to pray for me, when ſhe finds what a happy Exchange ſhe has made, between

4

Fortnight

tween a Madman and ſo accompliſh'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay Faith, ſo ſhe will, *Jeremy*: You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature —— I ſwear I do it hardly ſo much in conſideration of my ſelf, as compaſſion to her.

Jere. 'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to ſave a fine Woman with thirty thouſand Pound, from throwing her ſelf away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith —— I might have ſav'd ſeveral others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any body before.

Jere. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Maſter's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Diſguiſe, at your own Lodgings. You muſt talk a little madly, ſhe won't diſtinguiſh the Tone of your Voice. +L.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit; —— I'll be ready for you.

Exit Jeremy L.

~~SCENE VIII.~~

~~Enter~~ TATTLE, *Miſs* PRUE. *L.*

Miſs. O Mr. *Tatttle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like

any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing ~~in the World~~.

Tatt. O ~~Pox~~ *plague* how ſhall I get rid of this fooliſh Girl? [*Aſide.*

Miſs. O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News —— I muſt not marry the Seaman now — my Father ſays ſo. Why won't you be my Husband? You ſay you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you pleaſe.

Tatt. O fie, Miſs: Who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Why, my Father — I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fie, Miſs, why did you do ſo? And who told you ſo, Child?

Miſs. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O ~~Pox~~ *plague*, that was yeſterday, Miſs, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been aſleep ſince; ſlept a whole Night, and did not ſo much as dream of the Matter.

Miſs. Pſhaw, O but I dream't that it was ſo tho'.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child —— O fie; what, we muſt not love one another now —— Pſhaw, that would be a fooliſh thing indeed —— Fie, fie, you're

you're a Woman now, and must think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night —— No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the same Rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last Night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miss. No? Yes but I would tho'.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not —— You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind.

Miss. But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

~~SCENE V.~~

Enter [~~*To them*~~] FORESIGHT. *L.*

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattl*, your Servant, you are a close Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been trusted with, —— Or had you a Mind to try if I could discover it by my Art —— hum, ha! I think there is something in your Physiognomy, that has a Resemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tatt.

Tatt. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike —— what does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

Fore. How? What? a wrong Notion! How so?

Tatt. In the way of Art: I have some taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes; that are Indications of a sudden turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives; and promise a great Beauty and great Fortune reserved alone for me, by a private Intriegue of Destiny, kept secret from the piercing Eye of Perspicuity; from all Astrologers, and the Stars themselves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haste ——

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir ——

Tatt. No, Sir; 'tis to be done privately ——I never make Confidents.

Fore. Well; but my Consent I mean — You won't marry my Daughter without my Consent?

Tatt.

5
Prose
Mrs Foresight
Scandal
Ben

Tatt. Who I, Sir? I'm an abſolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day! What time of the Moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and deſire to continue ſo. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeneſs of you; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you wou'd be glad to know, and ſhan't know; and yet you ſhall know it too, and be ſorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as ſecret as the Night. And I'm going to be married juſt now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago; and the Lady ſtays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a Myſtery for you,——I know you love to untie Difficulties——Or if you can't ſolve this; ſtay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

Exit Tattle.

SCENE

~~SCENE VI.~~

~~FORESIGHT, *Miſs* PRUE.~~

Miſs. O Father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my Husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do theſe Lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, Child, ſtark wild.

Miſs. What, and muſt not I have e'er a Husband then? ~~What, muſt I go to Bed to Nurſe again, and be a Child as long as ſhe's an old Woman?~~ Indeed but I won't. For now my mind is ſet upon a ~~Man~~ husband, I will have a ~~Man~~ husband ſome way or other. ~~Oh! methinks I'm ſick when I think of a Man; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to ſleep all my Life: For when I'm awake it makes me wiſh and long, and I don't know for what——And I'd rather be always aſleep, than ſick with thinking!~~

Fore. ~~O fearful! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,~~ ——Huſſy, you ſhall have a Rod.

Miſs. A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my ſelf: I'll marry our *Robin*

L.

Enter Mrs Foresight
& Scandal.

Robin the Butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsome Man, and shall be my Husband: I warrant he'll be my Husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, *and* NURSE.

Fore. DID he so—— I'll dispatch him for't presently; Rogue! [Oh, Nurse, come hither. [*Enter Nurse*

Nurse. What is your Worship's Pleasure?

Fore. Here take your young Mistress, and lock her up presently, 'till farther Orders from me——not a word, Hussy——Do what I bid you, no Reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate and Linnen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.—— [*Ex. Nurse & Lyre*

Mrs. *Fore.* What's the matter, Husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr. *Scandal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senses——I fear there is a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine?*

Scan.

Scan. O I hope he will do well again—I have a Meſſage from him to your Neice *Angelica*.

Fore. I think ſhe has not return'd, ſince ſhe went abroad with Sir *Sampſon*. Nurſe, why are you not gone?

SCENE VIII.

FORESIGHT, SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORE-*Enter.* SIGHT, BEN.

Mrs. *Fore.* HERE's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. *Fore.* Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handſome young Woman, ſhe, as they ſay, Brother *Val.* went mad for, ſhe's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor Neice, my poor Neice, is ſhe gone too? Well, I ſhall run mad next.

Mrs. *Fore.* Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to gueſs ——I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Ante-*

6

Sir Samson
Angelica —— Bond
Brixam

Antegoa—— No, hold, I mayn't say so neither—— But I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mess, you may take in all the Points of the Compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. *Fore*. Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are a going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why Father, and—— the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

Scan. *Angelica?*

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. *Fore*. Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be—— but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a Jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call Madness—— But she's mad for a Husband,

band, and he's horn mad, I think; or they'd ne'er make a Match together—— Here they come.

~~SCENE IX.~~

A

Enter [~~To them~~] *Sir* SAMPSON, ANGELICA, *and* BUCKRAM, *who sits down with his Master at the table.*

Sir Samp. Ang. to Foresight

Sir *Samp.* WHERE is this old Soothsayer? this Uncle of mine elect? A ha, old *Foresight*, Uncle *Foresight*, wish me Joy, Uncle *Foresight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Astrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*——The brightest Star in the blue Firmament—— is ~~shot from above, in a Jelly of Love,~~ and so forth; and I'm Lord of the Ascendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Foresight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Foresight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the Musick of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a Dance in *Via Lactea*.

7

Fore. I'm Thunder-struck! You are not married to my Neice?

Sir *Samp.*

7

Tattle
Mr. Snail

Sir *Samp.* Not absolutely marry'd, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiss of the Matter, as you see. [*Kisses* Angelica.

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir *Samp.* That he shall, or I'll burn his Globes——Body o'me, he shall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou shalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enough to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*? *Exit Scandal L.*

~~SCENE X.~~

~~*Sir* SAMPSON, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, BEN, BUCKRAM.~~

Mrs. *Fore.* THIS is so surprizing——

Sir *Samp.* How! What does my Aunt say? Surprizing, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all—It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather; and destroy that Usurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. *Fore.* I'm glad to hear you have so much Fire in you, Sir *Sampson.*

Ben. Meſs, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; may-hap it will only ſerve to light up a Match for ſome Body elſe. The young Woman's a handſome young Woman, I can't deny it: But Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Caſe, you ſhould not marry her. It's juſt the ſame thing, as if ſo be you ſhould ſail ſo far as the *Straights* without Proviſion.

Sir *Samp.* Who gave you Authority to ſpeak, Sirrah? To your Element, Fiſh, be mute, Fiſh, and to Sea, rule your Helm, Sirrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Veſſel ſteddy.

Sir *Samp.* Why, you impudent Tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your Forecaſtle Jeſts upon your Father? But I ſhall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. Mr. *Buckram*, is the Conveyance ſo worded, that nothing can poſſibly deſcend to this Scoundrel? I would not ſo much as have him have the Proſpect of an Eſtate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-Eaſt* Paſſage.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the leaſt Cranny of the Law unſtopt.

Ben.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unstopt in your Conscience —— If so be that one had a Pump to your Bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul Hold. They say a Witch will sail in a Sieve —— But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard o'your Conscience. And that's for you.

Sir *Samp.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah. How now, who's here?

L. Mrs. Frail & Tattle without O, Lord, — O, Lord, —

SCENE XI.

L. Enter [*To them*] TATTLE *and Mrs.* FRAIL.

Mrs. *Frail.* O, Sister, the most unlucky Accident.

Mrs. *Fore.* What's the Matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunate poor Creatures in the World we are.

Fore. Bless us! How so?

Mrs. *Frail.* Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are —— I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I —— But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are ——

Mrs. *Frail.* Married.

Mrs. *Fore.* Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly —— before we knew where we were — that Villain *Jeremy*, by

the help of Diſguiſes, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why, you told me juſt now, you went hence in haſte to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good —— But this is the moſt cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore —The Devil take me if ever I was ſo much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

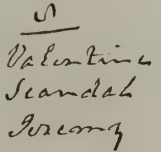
Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The leaſt in the World — That is for my Part, I ſpeak for my ſelf. Gad, I never had the leaſt Thought of ſerious Kindneſs —— I never lik'd any Body leſs in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad I'm ſorry for her too; for I have no reaſon to hate her neither; but I believe I ſhall lead her a damn'd ſort of a Life.

~~Mrs. *Fore.* He's better than no Husband at all — tho' he's a Coxcomb. — [*To* Frail. Mrs. *Frail to her.*] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worſe. —— Nay, for my part I always deſpiſed Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him leſs.~~

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much —— Pox on't, I wiſh we could *blame.*

keep



keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this Company wou'd speak of it.

Mrs. *Frail.* But, *Ha!* ~~my Dear~~, that's impossible; the Parson and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publish it, *my dear*.

Tatt. Ay, ~~my Dear~~, so they will, as you say, *my dear*.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; Custom will make it easie to you.

Tatt. Easie! ~~Pox~~ *Plague* on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to Night.

Sir *Samp.* Sleep, Quotha! No, why you would not sleep o' your Wedding-Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another Match now, as thof' a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have Experience of her, when she's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her Anchor along with her, she'll break her Cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the Madman?

Ben. Hadie, his only sister me. I'll leave the room.

~~SCENE The Laſt.~~

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, ~~SIR SAMPSON, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, TATTLE, *Mrs.* FRAIL, BEN, JEREMY, BUCKRAM.~~ *and Jeremy Jeremy goes into the Table 1n.*

Val. NO; here's the Fool; and if occaſion be, I'll give it under my Hand. *[Val. & Scan. paſs by Foreſight.]*

Sir *Samp.* How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir *Samp.* What, have you found your Senſes at laſt then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir, I never was diſtracted.

Fore. How! Not mad! Mr. *Scandal.*

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his Witneſs, it was all Counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had Reaſons —— But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has ſhewn it ſuch.

Sir *Samp.* Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to proſper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reaſonable return of Nature.

Sir *Samp.*

Sir *Samp.* Very good, Sir—Mr. *Buckram*, are you ready?——Come, Sir, will you ſign and ſeal?

Val. If you pleaſe, Sir; but firſt I would ask this Lady one Queſtion.

Sir *Samp.* Sir, you muſt ask me leave firſt; that Lady? No, Sir; you ſhall ask that Lady no Queſtions, 'till you have ask'd her Bleſſing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir *Samp.* That's as much as to ſay, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I ſay.

Val. Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madneſs; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir *Samp.* Come, Chuck, ſatisfie him, anſwer him;——Come, come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

Buckr. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready.

[*Val. goes to Ang.*

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were ſincere? Still you muſt pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to diſpoſe of my Perſon, than yours.

Sir *Samp.* Are you anſwer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Samp.* Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you ſign, Sir? Come, will you ſign and ſeal? goes to table R

Val. With all my Heart, Sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin your ſelf?

Val. I have been diſappointed of my only Hope; and he that loſes Hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was ſubſervient to my Pleaſure; and my only Pleaſure was to pleaſe this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at laſt that nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which, for that Reaſon, I will ſign to —— Give me the Paper. [*goes to the table L*]

Ang. Generous *Valentine!* [*Aside.*

Buckr. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am obliged to ſign this?

Buckr. Sir *Sampſon*, you have it. Sir Sam. No, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll uſe it, as I wou'd every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine.* [*Tears the Paper.*

Sir *Samp.* How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of ſo generous and faithful a Paſſion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and

ſtruggl'd

ſtruggl'd very hard to make this utmoſt Trial of your Vertue. [*To Val.*

Val. Between Pleaſure and Amazement, I am loſt—But on my Knees I take the Bleſſing. [*Jeremy beats off Buckram L.*

Sir *Samp.* Oons, what is the Meaning of this?

Ben. Meſs here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now. *Sirrah, Sirrah,*— [*Exit Ben R followed by Mr. Foresight.*

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampſon*, ſince I have plaid you a Trick, I'll adviſe you, how you may avoid ſuch another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a ſecond Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unforgiving Nature. I was reſolv'd to try him to the utmoſt; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleaſure to me, that I can make him and my ſelf happy, than that I can puniſh you.

~~*Val.* If my Happineſs cou'd receive Addition, this kind Surprize wou'd make it double.~~

Sir *Samp.* Oons you're a *Crocodile*. [*Val. and Sam. Forr.* Really, Sir *Sampſon*, this is a ſudden Eclipſe. [*Exit together L.*

Sir *Samp.* You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another: *the Stars are liars; and, if I had breath, I'd curse them, and you, my ſelf* ~~Tatt.~~ *and all the world.* [*Exit L. going.*

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in Disorder for want of a Wife, I can spare him mine. ✠ *Tat.* Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happiness. [*To* Jere.

Jere. Sir, I ask you ten thousand Pardons, 'twas an errant Mistake——You see, Sir, my Master was never mad, nor any thing like it——Then how cou'd it be otherwise? [*Goes to the table.*

Val. Tattle, I thank you, you would have interposed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way——You have but Justice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that Sir *Sampson* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they shou'd not be employ'd when the Match is so much mended. *Valentine,* tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Transport.

Scan. Call 'em, *Jeremy.*

Ang. I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldness which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extream Fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that Suspition——For I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your Fondness shall never distinguish

Sir Sam. Confound you and your wife together.
Exit Sir Samson L.

Fores. Sir Samson, Sir Samson, —
Exit Foresight L.

[Sean. Val. & Ang. advance]

Omnes Ha! ha! ha!
L. Enter Jeremy L.

Tat. Oh, are you there, Sir? &c.

Jeremy
Table

Mrs Frail - Tattle, - Ang - Valentine, Scandal
R. L.

tinguish it self enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of Promises; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my Body as your Prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scan. The Musick stays for you.

[*Dance.*

Scan. Well, Madam, you have done Exemplary Justice, in punishing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me ——For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in bestowing Favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable Accusation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injustice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Constancy to stay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to Worship, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like

Va-

Valentine, would ~~persevere even to Martyrdom, and~~ sacrifice their Interest to their Constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the Novelty.

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's Kind.

3 Hours

The End of the First Volume.